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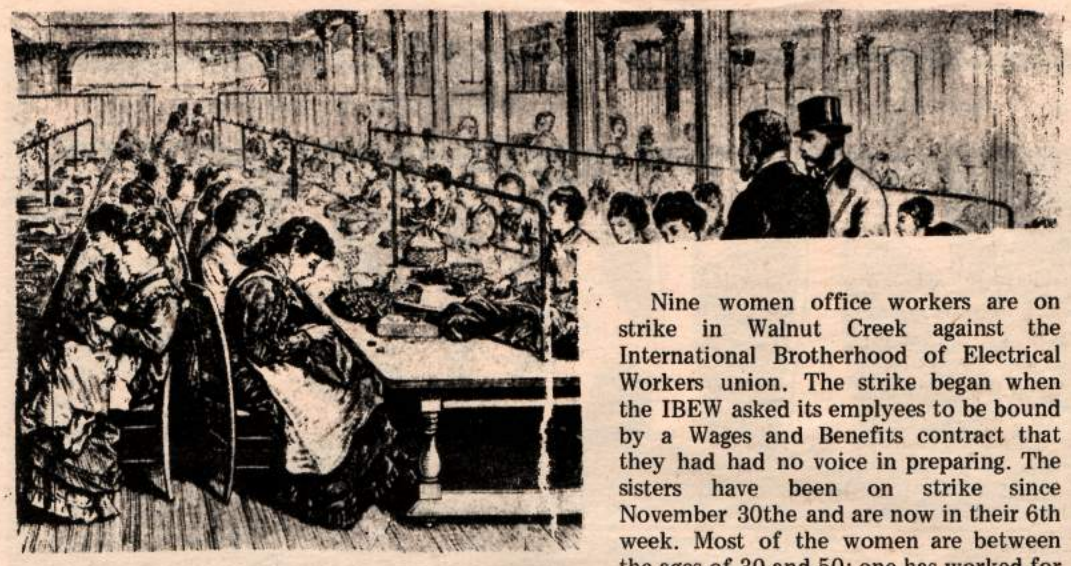
Published by the Red Mountain Tribe, Inc. January 8-15, 1971 Vol. 2 / Number 25 / Issue 77 15¢ Bay Area; 30¢ elsewhere

BERKELEY TRIBE

MONTH OF THE HEROIC WOMAN GUERRILLA

WOMEN



STRIKE

Nine women office workers are on strike in Walnut Creek against the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers union. The strike began when the IBEW asked its emplyees to be bound by a Wages and Benefits contract that they had had no voice in preparing. The sisters have been on strike since November 30the and are now in their 6th week. Most of the women are between the ages of 30 and 50; one has worked for the Brotherhood for 17 years, another for 12 years.

At first all of the office workers walked out, but after the Pig Business Manager Ron Weakley gave the word, the women began receiving threatening phone calls and messages, and suffering other forms of intimidation — like if they didn't return to work immediately, they'd all be fired. One of the women , the office manager, went back to work. Since she is in charge of training new workers, it was a heavy blow to the other sisters. But they didn't give in.

But then neither did the IBEW. On December 15 scabs were hired. Despite the determination of the strikers and the full support of their union Local 29 (does that name sound familiar? It was the union of the striking Lucky women and is a union primarily of women), things looked grim. The women decided to ask for the support of women's groups and on December 31, women from Berkeley went to Walnut Creek, blocked the doors to the office and linked arms to prevent the scabs from getting in. The scabs were uptight about this new situation, so the men at IBEW 'generously' offered to pick the women up every morning and take them home each night. These men played on the women's gears in a way that made it impossible for the striking women to ever get to talk to the sisters that were scabbing on them.

The Brotherhood felt so threatened by the upsurging militancy of the women that they even called the pigs in to protect the scabs. Far Out! A union calling pigs to protect scabs and beat up strikers. The pigs came and told the sisters demonstrating to either split or be arrested. So the women spliand later met to decide what to do. On January 4th, women from Berkeley and Oakland went to picket again. The pigs were late that day though, and consequently the scabs were left alone across the street from the office, sitting in their car waiting for the pig escorts. Women strikers went over to talk to the scabs and found out that, as usual, the scabs had been lied to. They had been told that the strike is illegal, which it isn't. So there's some possibility that some scabs might change sides.

What's really needed is more women to go picket. Perhpas then some strategy sessions could be held to think of better ways to deal with the pigs. As it is now, work is delayed a few hours but not stopped. Teamsters are into supporting the strike, but the sisters and Local 29 want it to remain a strike for women by women. If our sisters win, it will be a significant victory, especially since it would be a victory that has grown out of working women and women in Women's Liberation coming together.

Any woman interested in helping our sisters are urged to come picket every day between 8-9 A.M. at 1218 Boulevard Way, Walnut Creek or contact women in Oakland or Berkeley Women's Liberation.

Good Earth Bust,

FLASH: as we go to press, 28 members of the Good Earth Commune have been busted.

The raid took place shortly before midnite. The pigs had no warrant; Several of them were heard laughing about how pleased Alioto would be. They found some hash and charged everyone in the house with conspiracy to sell drugs. More details will be forthcoming in a week. The Haight is fermenting again.

SEATTLE 8 ORGANIZE

The conspiracy case of the Seattle 8 has taken another turn for the worse. Having been incarcerated in the Tacoma County Jail on December 15, the seven defendants began to wait out the decision of the S.F. Appeals Court in regard to their contempt sentences. So things were pretty quiet for a while.

On December 18, a small group of people were demonstrating in front of the Tacoma jail. All of a sudden windows in the jailhouse were punched out from the inside. As the demonstrators watched, fists and flags appeared where the windows had been. The prisoners had gone on strike, with a list of 32 demands. Included on that list was "meat at least once a week." On Chip Marshall's block alone 100% of the inmates signed a list of 10 demands. the struggle was continuing, to the dismay of the jurist pigs who thought they finally had control.

As a result of this episode, the seven defendants were shipped out. Susie Stern went to the Seattle jail, one brother went to MacNeil Island, and four went to prisons in California. Only Mike Abeles remained in the Tacoma City Jail. This was demoralizing news for the supporters and the defense committee. The Seattle conspirators haven't been getting a great deal of support anyway, and sending them out of the reach of communication didn't help the enthusiasm at all.

On December 24th, the appeals court granted the defendants bail, at the outrageous sum of $25,000 each, which was recommended by Judge Boldt. However, Judge Boldt said that he hadn't received any written word, and he would hold out until he got it. Meanwhile the defense committee was out scrounging up money. By Monday, December 28th, they had the bail money for five of the defendants. They appeared

RISING UP ANGRY

N.Y. BUILDING TAKEOVER FOR NEW WOMEN'S CENTER.

NEW YORK CITY [LNS]—New Years Eve 80 women from the Women's Housing Collective darted up the fire escape and through the windows of an old abandoned building at 330 E. 5th St., between 1st and 2nd Ave. The vacant 4 story building was once a women's shelter run by the NYC Welfare Dept. but was closed down when the welfare office moved.

According to one of the squatters, "We intend to stay here and set up a women's center on the ruins of a charity house for girls . . . the city wouldn't dare bust us — we're only providing the services they should be providing."

The Lower East Side community responded immediately to the placard advertising the women's program: day care, technical skills workshop (to teach plumbing, auto mechanics, etc.), art workshop, food coops, feminist school, lesbian rights center, legal aid, housing aid, consciousness raising, crash pads, gynecology clinic, abortion counseling and a halfway house for drug addicts.

One middle aged housewife brought a big pot of soup. She said that she had been forced to give up one of her children during the 1930's when she was on relief: "That was before day care centers, that was before women's liberation."

Another neighborhood visitor, also middle-aged, saw the sign lesbian center and asked what that meant. The squatters explained that for most lesbians, the only place where they can meet is in mafia-owned bars. Now they would be able to have not only a meeting place but also a library of homosexual literature and history and also a bureau to deal with job discrimination.

One of the rooms in the building is already been set aside as a children's room. The squatters feel that the most important project, which should be started immediately is the day care, and already mothers have signed up.

The room, which has lead paint peeling off the walls, will be filled with a huge plastic bubble — clean, insulated and well-ventilated — One squatter mentioned that some women have volunteered to stay overnight with their children, but that won't be until the boiler is fixed.

The city has estimated that it would take $20,000 to get the boiler into working condition. But, when the women called the repairman, he confided that the job would only cost about $75. In fact, the only problem was a broken safety valve. As for the other $19,925: "Well, that's just graft and corruption."

But the city, which owns the building, has new problems to worry about. Their official position on the building is: "We're in the process of negotiations." But privately they have told the women that they won't be able to donate the building as a women's center unless the women "get out." They claim that their capitulation would be "condoning lawlessness."

In one such discussion, Deputy Commissioner Stokes asked the women why they hadn't applied for the building through legal channels. They replied, "We know how you run your real estate game — for profit, not for people. In the last 4 years, 2 non-profit organizations applied for the building and you turned them down. Why?"

Now that the center is open on a 24-hour basis, the sisters are holding open house for all women who would like to come and work, talk, or sleep — like the 2 women from a farm in upstate New York who, when viewing the takeover on television, decided to come to the city bearing bushels of apples and onions.

STRIKE IN PRISON

in court at noon that day waiting to get them out. But Judge Boldt went against the decision of the appeals court and said that he would not release the defendants. Outrage. So, the appeals court convened again, and kissed the ass of the (obviously) Divinely Inspired Judge Boldt. After a period of constipated contemplation, they decided that prosekutor Stan Pitkin should have more time to prove to them that the defendants were in fact dangerous.

So, prosekutor Pigkin, as the people up north call him, has some more time to bullshit around while the seven are still in jail. The prosecution finds it necessary to keep the defendants in jail because it's the only way they're going to get them. Their conspiracy case is shot full of holes, and it would be a total mockery of their pride and power to have another trial. They know there won't be another trial, so their only chance is to keep them in jail until the sentences are over. Judge Boldt couldn't save his ass any other way than by declaring a mistrial on the grounds that the jury was 'hopelessly prejudiced.' That's the divine inspiration he was talking about!

When the press interviewed the jurors after the 'mistrial,' they said that they weren't prejudiced, and that they were sorry a mistrial had been declared. Five of them said that they thought the government's case was shoddy, and most thought that the defendants would either have gotten off or the jury would have been hung. These are straight, middle-aged Tacomans too.

It will be a long, tough fight to get the Seattle defendants out of jail, but the mistrial was in many ways a victory for our side. It will likely be a long time before the government tries to prosecute on a conspiracy charge again.

The Unknown Defendant

At 10:20 A.M. Jan. 4, two UC pigs led an unidentified young man about 25 with long blond hair and wearing a brown leather jacket past the registration line into a back room of Sproul Hall basement and into bureaucratic, fascist, obliv ion. Not having the presence of mind to call out and ask his name, I went to the adjacent pig office where pig Hansen refused to give me the persons name or the charges against him. Pig Hansen even refused to acknowledge that anyone had been ripped off, stating that "the activities of the police department" were "none of my concern" and that any information would be available at the public information office. Of course the clerk at the information office refused to investigate or to give me her name stating that the "activities" (they must have told everyone to use that word) of the "police department" (they don't know the proper word) were their own concern.

Trying to get a lawyer was equally frustrating. The National Committee to Combat Fascism has someone answering the phone who must be coaxed to acknowledge its existence downstairs. Downstairs was closed. The Berkeley defense committee has changed its phone number but the operator gives you the number of someone who has never heard of it. The West Oakland Neighborhood Legal Assistance refers you to the Public Defender's office where a secretary who is afraid of what the lawyers will say if she gives them a case without a name, makes a note of it which she loses until the next day. She insists they could not help anyway, but tries to impress me with how helpful they are being to people who have names and have been properly charged. Here and in the previous encounters, we see capitalist ideology and bureaucreatic hegemony at work.

If a person was arrested he must have a name. We cannot represent him without a name because we cannot discover the charges against him or where he is. We have enough people who already have names to defend and they "must have priority." Each time this logical fallacy occured I took careful pains to clarify that it is not the alleged (if any charges were preferred) crime of the victim but the crime of the police (who have names) that we're talking about. We can't assume that the victim of police crime is being benignly treated by his captors and that his defense is being processed in sterling bureaucratic form so that he will suddenly arise from his obscured location on that glorious arraignment day, achieve the status of defendant with a name, and then, if all is according to form, be entitled to a glorious fucking by a public defender who can't even see the real crime.

If there are any sisters and brothers who are lawyers or can otherwise organize to help this unknown man and others, please contact me through this newspaper.

Chuck Dahlman

JUSTICE WE DON'T EXPECT FROM YOU

NEW YORK [LNS]—Panther 21 defendant Michael Tabor is back in jail because of an asthma attack. His $50,000 bail was forfeited by Judge John Murtagh on Dec. 29 after Tabor came into court three and a half hours late with a doctor's note confirming his illness. This was his second asthma attack in a week.

Defense lawyers reported to the court when Tabor was taken off the subway suffering from a first attack. A note from the defendant's doctor was received in court verifying the lawyers' report. With the second attack, Murtagh forfeited Tabor's bail and issued a warrant for his arrest, even before he arrived in court. Said Murtagh: "Frankly, I'm skeptical of these reports."

Hoping to reverse Murtagh's decision, lawyer Charles McKinney read a new doctor's note into the record, a note which advised bedrest and described Tabor's condition as acute asthma. McKinney asked that bail be reinstated and the warrant dropped. Murtagh denied the motion but said that a new application might be considered at a later time.

Murtagh then asked Tabor if the trial could proceed. Tabor, knowing his words might cost him something, stood up. In a strong voice marred by one or two coughs, he said:

"First of all, the whole omnipotent record you are so interested in reflects that you have conducted this trial in the manner of a vile, fascist swine pig. It comes as no surprise that you are taking your present course of action. As to the disbelief in my illness, I couldn't care less about this. We expect this.

"As for this general proceeding, no I don't want to proceed. I'm sick. In fact, I will not proceed. I hold you responsible for anything that may happen. This is not a threat. It's just a statement of reality. We don't want you to 'err on the side of charity' on our behalf [Tabor is mimicking a remark the judge had made earlier.] *Compassion we don't expect from you. Mercy we don't expect from you. Justice we don't expect from you at all."*

Murtagh's voice rose through Tabor's last sentence. "The defendant will be removed from the courtroom." Said Tabor: "The defendant Tabor will walk out of the courtroom." He walked to the exit for the jailed defendants, and out through the door.

Murtagh used the word "forfeited" when he referred to Tabor's bail. No one is yet positive what this means, but technically it would mean that the over $20,000 that was raised to buy a $50,000 bond for Tabor is lost. It may take a civil suit to get it back.

This has been a bleak Christmas week in the Panther 21 trial. Bail was raised for defendant Clark Squires by Computer People for Peace. (Squires was a computer-programmer before his arrest.) When they went to get him out, there was a mix-up as to the amount of bail. Squires is still in jail.

Later, Murtagh said that all the other jailed defendants would temporarily be denied bail. (Nine are still in jail.) He further accused defense lawyers of "aiding, abetting, and inspiring" a "manifest conspiracy" between defendants and lawyers to disrupt the trial.

BERKELEY TRIBE Published by The Red Mountain Tribe Inc. Mailing Address: PO Box 9043, Berkeley, Calif., 94709. Offices: 1701½ Grove St. 549-3391 Copyright 1970 R.M.T. Deadlines: News thru Tues – Tues 6pm; Wed News – Wed Midnight; George – Mon 6pm; Classified Ads – Tues Noon; Display Ads – Tues 3pm; Second class postage paid at Berkeley, Calif. Member: Underground Press Syndicate (UPS) Annual Subscription: $8 USA ($5 half-year). $15 Foreign & Institutions.

Our lifestyle is in jeaprody in Berkeley. A war is being waged against us.

The real estate developers and commercial interests are the generals commanding an army of bulldozers. If you can't afford to live in Berkeley, they don't have to use guns to get you out.

The South Campus is a ghetto of expensive, ticky-tacky apartment houses. More are on the way.

Telegraph Avenue is being remodeled as a plastik wasteland in order to attract more money and drive out the street people.

The residents of Ocean View are being driven from their homes through eviction proceedings to make way for Berkeley's 'redevelopment.'

The integrity of the Hearst Avenue community and People's Park Annex are safe only for the moment. Rents continue to skyrocket as available housing continues to decrease.

The city government of Berkeley, as typified by avaricious—businessman—of—the—year Mayor Wallace Johnson, promotes this policy of cultural genocide as 'economical.' Bowing to commercial interests that aren't really interested and refusing to act on the needs of the people of Berkeley, these 'city fathers,' up for election in April, have as much as signed their walking papers.

The April Coalition, made up from the spectrum of progressive groups in Berkeley, is laying the groundwork for a people's offensive and a people's victory in the April elections. The Coalition plans to run a campaign focused on community control of the city's institutions, including community control of the police. The platform of the Coalition will be hammered out in open workshops January 15 through 19, and candidates for the open city council seats will nominated on January 30 to carry out the platform.

More than one-third of Berkeley is Black, and the April Coalition has established an informal alliance with the Black Caucus to insure that the people will move together in the elections. The mayorality and four council seats are up for grabs, and the Coalition and the Caucus will each be running two candidates for the council. Both groups will probably support Warren Widner for mayor.

The Black Caucus and the Berkeley Coalition, probably one of the most conservative groups in the April Coalition, have both publically endorsed the Community Control of Police initiative. Both groups have pledged to support each other's candidates, and this kind of solidarity between 'moderate liberals,' blacks and white revolutionaries can only mean victory in April.

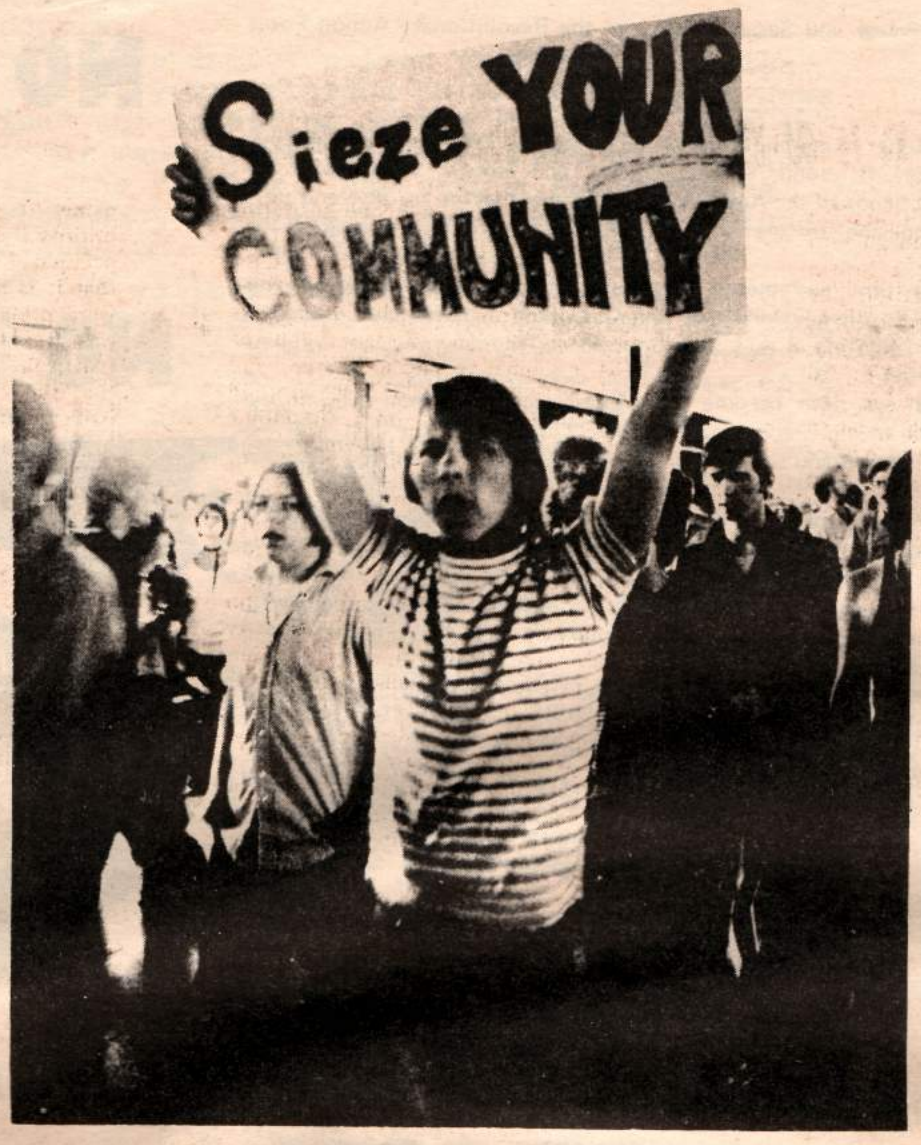
The Black Caucus will hold its convention February 5, 6 and 7 to formulate a platform and choose candidates. A series of hearings in the Black Community are planned before the convention to get a sense of where the people are at.

The idea behind the April Coalition's campaign is that people are willing to participate in the processes that control their lives; that people are interested in participating in a government that is responsive to them, not just to businessmen.

The workshops, which will create the platform and choose the candidates, are the mechanism for that participation. After the convention they can continue to function as election committies, and after the victory they can serve as part of an ongoing process that provides input for the people's city government.

Get together with the people around you and help to build a Coalition that can save Berkeley for the people. Potluck dinners are one way that people are getting together. If you can have a potluck in your home, contact People's Architecture at 548—3661.

See you at the convention.



April Elections

WORKSHOP SCHEDULE
(TENTATIVE)

FRIDAY – JAN. 15
7:00 pm: GENERAL MEETING of all workshop participants; information, explanations, scheduling of additional workshops if desired.
8:00 pm: WORKSHOPS
Restructuring city government
Ecology
Transportation
Drugs

SATURDAY – JAN. 16
10:00 am: WORKSHOPS
University and the community
Legal services
Schools
Problems of the foreign born and ethnic groups
Senior citizens
Religious communities and the city
2:00 pm: WORKSHOP
Community Control of the Police

SUNDAY – JAN. 17
2:00 pm: WORKSHOPS
Disabled and handicapped
Under 18
University students
Gay
Street people
7:30 pm: WORKSHOPS
Racism and intercommunalism
Housing and land use
Parks and recreation
Child care

MONDAY – JAN.18
7:30 pm: WORKSHOPS
Welfare
Media
Food
Labor
Health
Tax and economic reform

TUESDAY – JAN. 19
7:30 pm: WORKSHOP
Men's and Women's Liberation

SATURDAY – JAN. 23
TOWN MEETING: workshop proposals will be incorporated into a platform for the campaign.

SATURDAY – JAN. 30
TOWN MEETING: candidates will be chosen.

CHILD CARE will be provided for all meetings. Call 848—4085 for information.

* * * * *

UP AGAINST THE PARKINGLOT MOTHERFUCKER

COMMUNICATION No. 1

The UC Berkeley bureaucracy last week revealed its mechanistic mindlessness and disregard for human needs by evicting the thirty members of the Hearst castle commune, and simultaneously demolishing the ninety year old brownstone in which several of the communards lived.

This senseless destruction is not haphazard, nor is it uncharacteristic of UC. It is completely consistent with the overall design and purpose of the best funded racist lackey of the American war machine. Why should an institution that proudly employs Edward Teller and Arthur Jensen hesitate in its repression of a small group of hippie revolutionary trash — or in the destruction of a beautiful and functional old house? After all, who and what can be allowed to become a pitfall to progress and plasticity.

Certainly we must be rational in perceiving the priorities of capitalist decay. Who could deny the overwhelming necessity of another parking lot.

Our minds, crazed by years of dope consumption. Our minds, undermined by thousands of illicit relationships. Our bodies, desanctified by the filth of our existence. This has rendered us all IRRATIONAL.

We no longer tolerate your reason, consume your trash. We revolt. Atrocities shall be revenged.

The Hearst Castle Underground

When the clerk of the Montreal court read the charge accusing him of "murdering" Pierre LaPorte, Paul Rose stood up and shouted out the correction, "executed". The arraignment last Tuesday of Paul, 27, his brother Jacques, 23, Francis Simardn, 23, and Bernard Lortie, 19, was consistently punctuated by the chouts of "Viva le FLQ", "Viva le Quebec libre." The four are accused of ripping off and offing provincial Labor Minister LaPorte in conjunction with the ripping off of British Trade Commisioner James Cross.

Different cells of the FLQ ripped off Cross on October 5 and LaPorte on October 10, offering to exchange them for political prisoners. LaPorte was killed a few days later while Cross was eventually released unharmed on December 3 in return for allowing his kidnappers to fly to Cuba. Trial of the four LaPorte defendants was scheduled to begin on Thursday.

sisters outside

TO: our sisters of the RAT Women's Collective

FROM: Katherine A. Power and Susan E. Saxe of the Revolutionary Action Force (RAF)

Dear Sisters

We are writing this letter to communicate to our sisters and brothers (especially our three comrades, Stanley R. Bond, William Gilday, and Robert Valeri, who are prisoners of war in the hands of the Amerikan government) that we are alive and safe, and prepared to continue the struggle for the freedom of all political prisoners in Pig Amerika.

We now have the time and means to get ourselves together militarily and physically, and we can do this knowing that there are other revolutionaries inside the country who will go on fighting as they have been doing for many years. It will be a long war, but we will win!

In the past month we have become even more convinced than ever of the revolutionary potential of the People of Amerika. This despite the fact that we personally have been exposed and hunted by the pigs, making it harder for us to act openly.

But we know from our experience that there are good brave people everywhere, who will sacrifice all comfort and security to the common goals of the Revolution. We have found them in many places, under many different identities. Their names must remain unknown, but they are there, underground, beneath the streets of every city, working with love and determination to undermine and cut away the rotten foundations of Pig Amerika.

We have also learned much about what it means to be a revolutionary. A true revolutionary is someone who has no stake whatsoever in a class society. Blacks in this country are in that position already. As women, we found ourselves in the same situation. As middle-class whites, we learned that it was necessary to throw off all things that tied us to the pig world, not only all personal property (that is the easiest part) but our families, our past and our future. In doing this we have found incredible freedom. We have no future now but the Revolution, and no family but the People.

Our message to all revolutionaries is:

Keep your faith — keep fighting and know that you are not alone. We are with you as you are with us.

All power to the People!

With revolutionary faith and love,
Katherine A. Power and Susan E. Saxe

(reprinted from the RAT)

NO FUTURE

REV

NO FAMILY

PAST THE BRICK AND STEEL

with help from LNS and Rat

On Dec. 20, 500 women and men marched around the Women's House of Detention singing " Happy Birthday NLF, Power to our Sisters." Hundreds of women peered through the iron grated windows of the prison, exchanging greetings of love and friendship with their brothers and sisters outside. The building vibrated to the beat of "I want to be a Mau Mau, just like Bobby Seale ", as our jailed sisters, from a million different isolated cells, harmonized their voices.

* * *

The House of D is being moved to a new building on Rykers Island. The city hopes it will be a modle of a " progressive and humane" prison. It's true that it will have some measure of physical comfort above that of the present jail, but you wonder whether building a new prison will make the male guards stop stripping women and assaulting them; whether a new building means better medical care, whether it means that judges will stop giving punitive bails.One thing the move will do is make it easier to cut off contact with the outside. You won't be able to take a subway or walk over to the prison and talk, yell, demonstrate or sing to your sisters inside. And another feature of the new prison will be that structurally it will aid the state's ability to quell insurrection on the inside.

* * *

"I saw a red flag waving from a window. A Black middle-aged couple called out from the street, "Hey Angela, we're over here." The crowd started to whisper and stare. Someone said, "I didn't know Angela Davis was still in town." Then the demonstration marshals quieted us down and the beautiful Black woman with the big afro waving a red flag called to us, " The only answer is REVOLUTION. " Not everyone was sure that the woman was Angela, but what did it matter. She stayed with us by her seat at the window, leading us in chants for as long as we had voices left. "

As things stand now 'troublemakers' are isolated at the least sign of rebellion. Kickers are treated terribly. The city doesn't seem to be able to afford methadone or other medicine for women in withdrawl, but it seems to find the bread to drug 'hard to handle' women. Pacification drugs are forced on women, whether they want them or not. Any woman who is nervous or does not conform to the norms of an insane society is considered psychopathic and is given thorazine plus chlorolhydrate.

At the new prison, conditions might improve for a while, but one wonders what

At the new prison, conditions might improve for a while, but one wonders what will happen when the public eye is no longer focused on them. The House of D was "modern and progressive " once. In 1920.

It's up to us not to let the pressure for improvement of conditions let up. It's true we want to tear those obscene ungeons down, but women living inside must have the means to survive while that's going on.

As long as Amerika is a society which doesn't meet the basic needs of the People, women will be forced into 'crime' in order to live. And as long as Amerika doesn't meet the basic needs of the People, women will fight in order to live.

* * *

As the afternoon wore on and the sun began to set, many people started to leave. The crowd was less noisy and it was easier to hear the sisters inside. They were saying, " We love you " past the brick and steel of the prison.

PHOTO- SOLIDARITY FILMS

BUT THE OLUTION, BUT THE PEOPLE...

PHOTO – SOLIDARITY FILMS

sisters inside

Letter from Sharon, Claudia and Joyce received 12/10 from House of D.

This is the year of the jail.

The pigs haven't arrested the revolution. They only get the lightweights – Esso Oil goes up in flames the night the jail doors slam on us. That's proof enough – There is growing that competent guerrilla force to destroy the blood-drenched war machine.

The first day in jail Angela Davis gave us Alexander Berkman's prison diary – Berkman's a Russian anarchist, shot at the robber Baron Fisk – and missed – The end of the second chapter said, "Have I failed? Failed!" We felt so STUPID. NEVER work with people you don't KNOW and LOVE – Love is the key. To be anxious, is to be foolish.

Please, our beautiful sisters and brothers LEARN this time – Don't let the foolish 6 go to waste – learn that words and actions are only 2/3 of where it's at. EMOTION – that purported realm of the female is the final 1/3. Feelings – use them – develop them – The people to work with are in your heart – Don't just fill jobs no matter how simple – This isn't IBM. Nothing happens overnight – except a useless arrest.

The next thing is – informer pigs are not afraid of retaliation – All of us should be subject to being questioned – no one is exempt. If you suspect someone throw them up against the wall – We don't mean this figuratively, DO IT. We have to scare the shit out of them and more – We are fighting a war, the struggle is too advanced for a flower child attitude – If we are liberal we'll lose. It's about time we learned our faults and understood our weaknesses.

We love more each day,

Joyce, Claudia, Sharon

THE WOMEN BEHIND BARS

December 10

Letter from Sharon Krebs

a message
to the Women's Movement

Several times in the last few years I have given up hope. The hundreds of contradictions assailed me and the enormity of what I saw as our task overwhelmed me. The power of the state seemed total and our efforts appeared to be childish and irrelevant.

Good people were going to jail and even dying in a cause that increasingly filled me with doubt and uncertainties. Far away the National Liberation Front seemed to be fighting decisively and intelligently for something worth winning, but we seemed to be floundering. If they were fish in water, we seemed to be goldfish in a bowl.

It's not that I had lost faith in the 'people,' it's that I didn't know where the people were and whether they had any knowledge or understanding of what needs to be done or why we seek to do it. Then I was busted and came to the Women's House. I think it's the most important thing that ever happened to me. Because the 'people' are here – by definition. If they supported the order and its laws, they wouldn't have gotten here. The question is – who will they support when they get out?

The women behind bars are, first of all, stronger than portrayed in any Women's Liberation propaganda. They sing, they rail at the quards, they can be hilariously funny, and they have worked out totally female, macho-less ways of thwarting the power of the authorities.

Primarily they counteract the authoritarianism of the guards by treating each other with dignity and respect, in a way that movement people have never learned. They don't borrow a pin or a match from one another without courteously asking for permission first. And that is because they have enormous respect for each other a capable human beings who can 'deal' with those who become their enemies. In the movement, people sloppily shit all over each other, showing that they regard everyone else as jsut impotent punks. Here everyone knows that each one of these women is tough – or she wouldn't be here, and, being here, could not survive.

Here they sit, busted for dope, for petty and grand larceny, for homicide and for just being on the wrong side of landlords, boyfriends, and clerks. They are shunted around, stripped and searched, locked by two's in tiny, maximum security cells 20 hours a day. They are fed Laddie Boy, poisonous tuna fish, decaying meat, powdered milk and mountains of potatoes. They never see fresh vegetables or fruit except through the windows, if their cells have a view of Greenwich Village.

Most of them have been here for awhile, unable to pay the ransom the judges arbitrarily set as bail. They wall of one of the bull pens at 100 Centre Street, this message: "My bail is $1000, for $17." My friend, L, down the corridor, said yesterday, "We live on B corridor, that means we *be* here when they come and we *be* here when they go."

'They' generally refers to the 'hoes' who flit in and out of the Women's Houses like birds of paradise, busted on the "hoe stroll" one night, bailed out by their 'daddies' the next, and back on the hoe stroll the night after, sometimes not in long enough to lose their pencilled eyebrows.

And the rest try to keep themselves together, hoping for mail, for visitors, and for luck to be visited upon their incompetent legal aid lawyers. Meanwhile they work out ways of communicating between floors, seeing their friends in different parts of the building and keeping up with relevant news from inside and outside.

The night of the N.J. oil refinery bombing the guards were visibly shaken. They had seen the fireball from here and had reason to take it personally. They told us "something is happening and you'll surely find out about it tomorrow." We did.

Yesterday we learned that S has just come back to her floor from 10 days in a bare strip cell, after being beaten by five male guards and thrown in there naked and handcuffed.

People here fondly remember Afeni and Joan. There are still signs of their organizing work. They even remember us out on the street below.

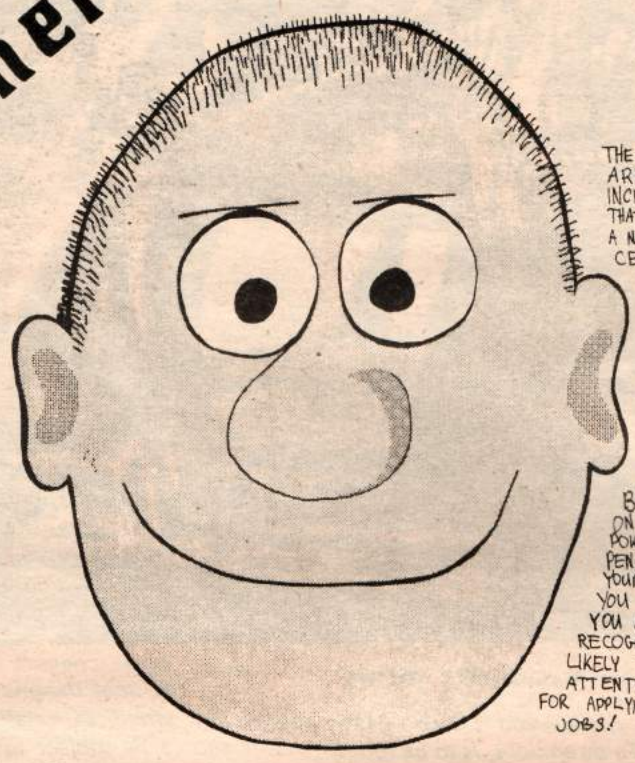
Everyone knows of Angela. All 750 women know her and they say her name with a certain amount of awe. "Did you see Angela today?" They are hoping she wins her extradiction fight. Firstly, because they know it will go badly for her in California, and secondly because they all love her and learn from her. She is a shining example of black womanhood, kind, intelligent, strong and righteous. She conducts exercise classes, loans out her many good books and presses everyone to follow her example in fighting for all their rights with her. Each woman knows that she could be an Angela Davis.

As white movement women we are often asked if we are hippies, if we are going home tomorrow, and if we would 'bomb' certain favorite targets after we get out. We are a combination of children and superwomen. They watch us stand on our heads, practice karate and run around the roof.

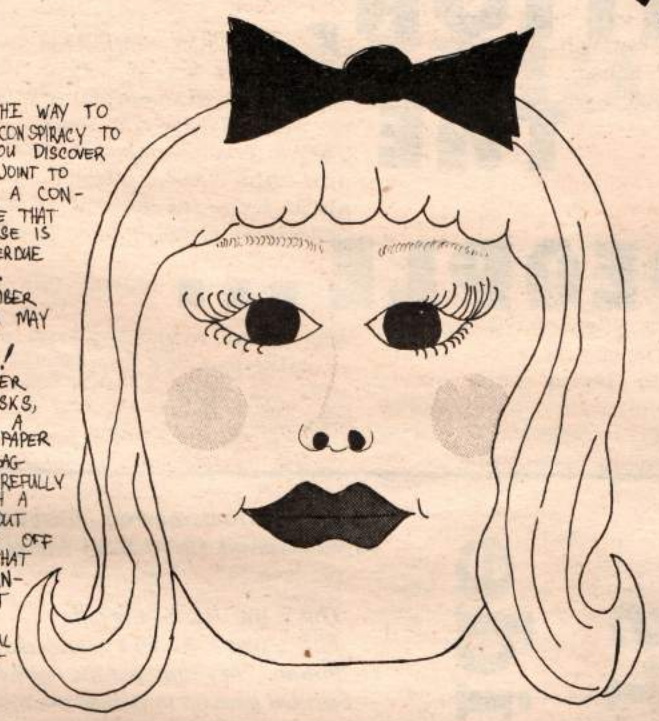
Nobody sees us cry, nobody ever hears us beg, and every day we become more useful to the women among whom we are privileged to live. We help them with our white-collar skills, addressing envelopes, spelling words for letter-writers, writing petitions – and requests for the semi-literate, and teaching what we know to all who ask. At present a book is being written about life in the Women's House by my friend P and I am cop-editing it. (P can't spell worth a damn, but she sure can write) and slowly smuggling it out of here.

Claudia, Joyce and I hope that the women's movement in New York will devote itself to improving the abysmal conditions in the Women's House. It is not a liberal issue – in a way, it's very self-serving, since most of us will be here sooner or later. Bailing out a few heroines is a kind gesture, but putting creative and forceful womanpower to the enormous task of taking care of our sisters and ourselves is a primary need. Those motherfuckers in the mayor's office must be forced to provide us with medicine, competent doctors, proper diets, vitamins, and humane treatment. We three and more dedicate ourselves to working for this from within and without.

Weather Sister Ripped Off At Flicks



THE COPS ARE ON THE WAY TO ARREST YOU FOR CONSPIRACY TO INCITE A RIOT... YOU DISCOVER THAT YOU PASSED A JOINT TO A NARC LAST NIGHT AT A CONCERT... YOU REALIZE THAT YOUR DOG'S LICENSE IS SIX MONTHS OVERDUE FOR RENEWAL... FOR ANY NUMBER OF REASONS YOU MAY NEED A GOOD **DISGUISE!** CUT OUT EITHER OF THESE MASKS, PASTE IT ON A MEDIUM SIZE PAPER BAG, PUT THE BAG ON YOUR HEAD, CAREFULLY POKE EYEHOLES WITH A PENCIL (DON'T POKE OUT YOUR OWN EYES), AND OFF YOU GO, CONFIDENT THAT YOU ARE VIRTUALLY UNRECOGNIZABLE AND NOT LIKELY TO ATTRACT ATTENTION! ALSO USEFUL FOR APPLYING FOR STRAIGHT JOBS!



A week after "New Morning – Changing Weather" the climate took a turn for the worse. Outside a movie theater in New York (a western was playing) pigs busted Judy Clark, 21, one of the twelve Weatherpeople indicted for inciting the Days of Rage. She is the second busted for the Chicago action – Linda Evans was snatched in April. In Federal logic two's a conspiracy; but it isn't clear that they want to prosecute yet, since they'd have to reveal their evidence against the ten who are still free.

When Judy came into court she was smiling, laughing. She always has kind of a casual lilt, whether moving or still; her spirit defies the situation. The judge is uptight that he has no power over her soul. The Feds are uptight that they don't know what she's whispering to her brother and friends.

She talked about being in the Women's House of Detention when Angela was taken away. They had been knitting Christmas presents for her. The whole place erupted: singing, chanting, banging, hooting, everyone together. Angry about their sister being ripped off so unexpectedly, they were tense about what might happen to her in California.

Bail was set at $75,000 for the Federal conspiracy rap in New York. They shipped her to Chicago the next week. But Julius Hoffman, miraculously appointed judge for the second Chicago conspiracy, reneged on the deal that the government made with her lawyers. He wants $150,000 security to back up the bond that is posted, on the grounds that the security might depreciate (!?!) and he has to be sure that it will still be worth $75,000 at some unspecified future date. Then the judge for her state charges then set another $150,000 bail on two charges. Appeals are pending.

It is not certain whether the Federal government is playing games (offering a deal through the US Attorney only to renege through the judge), or whether Hoffman is acting alone. It is clear that they are anxious to screw her: they held her in New York as long as they could because her time in jail there does not count toward any future prison sentence.

The pigs probably think that they have made a major inroad into the revolution by capturing Judy. She has been a prominent Weatherwoman since the beginning. But what they don't understand is that the connections between overground and underground are growing, and the reappearance of a sister who has been gone for 10 months means a demystification of what 'underground' is. And with the shit that's been coming down in prisons, her presence will help move that whole process along.

Presently she is being cared for by the sisters of Cook County Jail in Chicago, and by far-out lawyers including Anne Garfinkle, who was criticized by Julius Hoffman for smiling in his court. If you have bail money to give, you can send it to her at 640 Broadway, NYC (212-677-1552).

Ithaca, New York
December 11, 1970

Sisters & Brothers,

We thought that some of you might be interested in Fathers Phil and Dan Berrigan's address.

Fathers Phillip and Daniel Berrigan
Danbury Federal Penitentiary
Danbury, Connecticut 06810

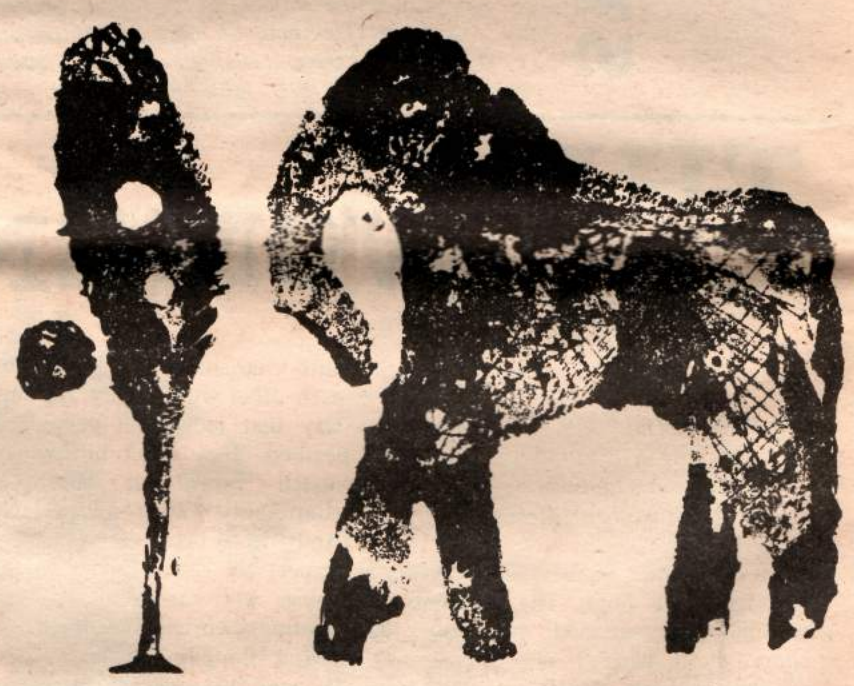
We're sure that they would be happy to hear from you. Unfortunately they won't be able to reply. They're only allowed to send a few censored letters to friends and relatives.

Sincerely,
Friends of Dan Berrigan

Poem to Judy, Berkeley, 1971:

Not just tough and laughing at their weakness,
Not only strong, a leader,
Sacrificing yourself for your sisters and brothers,
I remember your unhappiness,
How you always wnated to play the piano, to love,
to read The Little Prince and The Red Balloon,
How you were forced to choose politics
First over your sisters, then over a brother,
Because politics then meant
Organizing, intellectualizing, aimless working,
(Despite many good moments: WRAP meetings where sisters
Opened up to each other, the first rush of that sit-in)
Then how you threw yourself into it
When politics and life seemed to come together,
No matter that there was much understood only later.

Now things are different.
No more split between political and freak friends:
Think of all the Nancys, all the Jeffs,
As one now.
No one lost when you were caught;
We and they are the same,
In different ways.
Sisters and brothers in other places:
We will care for our own,
As the sisters in New York did for Angela.
Power to the guerrilleras.



Poem from Judy, Chicago, 1968:

AND WITH THE SORROWS
OF THIS JOYOUSNESS

O apple into ant and beard
Into barn, clock into cake and dust
Into dog, egg into elephant and fingers
Into fields, geese into gramophones and hills
Into houses, ice into isotopes and jugs
Into jaguars, kinds into kindnesses and lanes
Into lattices, moons into meanwhiles and nears
Into nevers, orphans into otherwises and pegs
Into pillows, quarrels into quiets and races
Into rainbows, serpents into shores and thorns
Into thimbles, O unders into utmosts and vines
Into villages, webs into wholenesses and years
Into yieldings, O zeals of these unspeaking
And forever unsayable zones!

–– Kenneth Patchen

Women's History Research Center, Inc.,
2325 Oak, Berkeley, Ca. 94708
Send self addressed stamped
nvelope for literature list
Phone: 524-7772

*Jan. 3: About 350 US bombers attacked all over Indochina, concentrating on Laos and Cambodia.

*Jan. 4: Marine Commander Lewis Walt, who said he wanted to invade North Vietnam and Laos as far back as 1965, said that Hanoi should be worried when the US pulls out because the South Vietnamese army will then be free to invade North Vietnam.

The way down
From Thanh Hoa to the front line
Bomb craters
Here and there, on both sides
Bombs
That destroyed the rice-fields
That digged up the irrigation canals
That razed down villages
That blowed away streets
That slaughtered the old-aged
That burnt the children

But along the road we take, life
Keeps as ever its eternal smile

How delightful it is, today
Blue sky, look at the flying
silver-winged birds
Far spreading seas teaming with brown sails
Hills and mounts, so grean with the grass
From dead trees, bud anew appear
One bridge broken, how many others built
One road cut, hundreds of others open
Waste lands see new schools and hamlets
emerge
And laughs and songs resound on the
cooperative fields
Drive on, you
Let ferries be busy again
And hear young brigades
Sing on the tops of mountains

When people
Know how to be masters of themselves
They resolve to fight
With no fear of bombs and shells

Look
Our people
Of Ham Rong and Nam Ngan
Of Ben Thuy and Ky Anh
Of Quang Ninh and Quang Trach
Of Vinh Son and Ving Giang
They faced the bombs
They made them explode
They ignored the risk
They rushed to the bombs
To defuse them

On the ground, in the sky
They never relax the fight
Surround and capture them, pilots
Throughout the seasons
Spring, summer, autumn, winter
U.S. planes
Are there for people to count wreckages

U.S. Bombs

Where are they now, bomb craters
O yeah, they've been turned
Into wells
Into lotus flowers' lakes
Into fish-rearing ponds

Further, let's go further
To see how it looks strange
In Quang Binh, Vinh Linh
The bombs standing in rows, in rows
Like soldiers at attention
On their breasts
Slogans of emulation
Written in lime-ink, bright in sunlight
"Determined to win over the U.S. aggressors"
"Determined to produce ahead of schedule"

Further, let's go further
Things will sound better
Bombs will make
Platform for you to wash your feet
Trough for you to feed the pigs
Bell for you to tell the working time
Alarm for you to call those fighters
Against U.S.

Now we know
Mother-bombs, baby-bombs
Guided bombs, magnetic bombs
None of them will be left untamed
Whenever they touch Vietnam, our land

Whose voice was it, resounding so high?
That's the song of the militia girl
On duty

—Xuan Thuy, head of delegation
Democratic Republic of Vietnam,
Paris peace talks

Thoughts On Being Human

A Four-year Bummer/LNS

CHANUTE, Ill. (LNS)—This essay originally appeared in a Navy underground paper, Navy Times Are Changin. It was written by an anonymous enlisted man.

The military messes us up in a lot of ways. While we're beginning to get our heads together about race differences and culture and class differences, we, men in the navy, usually forget about the ways we relate to the women we meet on and off base.

Most of us came into the navy with rotten attitudes towards women — like thinking of women as "pieces of ass" judged according to whether we think they might be a "good fuck" or something. If we get to know a woman fairly well, we start thinking about how nice it would be to have her cook our dinners, fix our clothes, and mainly just "be around" when we need her.

A lot of times we think about women in really violent ways — like wanting to "fuck the shit out of her." Like we'll really be manly and take out our frustrations and aggressions on a woman who usually doesn't have anything to do with why we're mad.

The lifers are always saying, "Well you fellas just wait till Friday night when you can pick up some shack job." The lifers hassle us so much during the week that when Friday comes we're very uptight. All we can think about is fucking, just like the lifer lays it out.

The military looks at us as a means to an end — we're supposed to quietly submit to their bullshit and give our lives for the interests of the rulers. Everything about the way we are treated is geared to make us believe we're less than human, and not worth much.

Our attitudes toward women are a lot like that. We are told that women are a means to an end, that women are only good for screwing and to "comfort" us when we're down. We are told by lifers, advertising, TV, etc. that women are weak, scatterbrained and unable to do anything more complicated than darn socks. Women are encouraged to believe this so business can make money off of them.

So we can't relate to women like we should because both of us are coming out of roles that are defined by people who have an interest in keeping things like they are. When we relate to women in the old "Hi honey, ya wanna fuck" way, we're playing the Man's game. It keeps us from loving each other in a natural way, as human beings. It keeps us divided from getting at the real enemy together.

SIERRA

DISNEY SEEKS TO LEVEL SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS — PLANS TO BUILD SEVEN STORY REPLICA OF SAN BERNADINO FOOTHILLS IN THEIR PLACE!

The red, white and true blue fascists at the Fed Palace in Washington have again spit in the face of the environment to make way for a little (lots) more plastic and cement. They have asked the Supreme Kourt to OK the $35 million Walt Disney ski resort on public land in the Mineral King Valley area of the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

For a while, it looked like the Sierra Club, the Wilderness Society, other conservation groups and many individuals were going to be able to stop the monster in its tracks. The atrocity has been planned for a number of years, and has been held up by a Sierra Club lawsuit for 18 months. The Sierra Club won an injunction in District Court, but they lost on appeal to the U.S. Circuit Court in San Francisco. Now the Sierra Club has an appeal pending in the Supreme Court.

However, the "Justice" Department wants the Supreme Court to reject the appeal. They say that the Secretaries of Agriculture and the Interior "acted within their powers in authorizing the project."

"Within their powers" is at best a rather lame excuse considering the scope of the Disney project. The plans include hotels, lodges and restaurants and a 5—story garage to accomodate 3000 cars. And that's not all. Ski lifts and runs are to be bulldozed and blasted out of the sides of mountains. A major highway will have to be cut right through Sequoia National Park.

Mineral King Valley today is a beautiful spot. A narrow, in parts unpaved road winds its way through twenty-five miles of mountains to get there. What you find at the end of the road is a lovely alpine valley with steams and fragile flowers. Trails lead to alpine lakes at the 10,000 foot level. The area is a luxury for those who can appreciate it.

Obviously, the whole scene is beyond the appreciation of the burearcrats in power. If this project is railroaded through, Mineral King will be another memory. The smog will be a Yosemite Valley brother. Garbage and litter will be everywhere. (Skiers are notorious for dropping their trash in the snow thinking that it will disappear.) The streams and lakes will be hopelessly poluted by people who have no idea what it means to enjoy the natural environment. Forest fire danger will skyrocket, and trees will be destroyed to make room for buildings, ski runs and a modern highway. Most flowers can't survive in such an atmosphere; those that remain will be picked and trampled. Many animals will flee the area; those that remain will be poisoned by human's food. The demerits of such an eyesore comprise a long list, one that's written in the history books of this country as "progress."

With the condition of the enviornment in this country, what we don't need is more ski resorts, and resorts and pig money-grabbers who will do anything to get that back. It's obvious why the Sierra Club is failing in its appeal. It's swimming upriver, aginst the current of a monster which can't be changed by appeal.

This honkplastikpigkapitalist Disneyventure is just another saga in the story of Amerikan hog culture. The hogs aren't going to stop after they cut down all the trees. We, the pople, are next. We've been co-opted. How many people do you know who can dig a tree, a flower or a mountain peak at sunset for what it is, without a sign, a hotel, a bar or a car to help it out? It's not exactly all our fault that we're that way. We've been co-opted. The hogs in power have stepped too far. Nothing they do is "within their power " any longer. It is now within the power of the people to stop them. Stop the hogs . . . Smash the State.

feed back

Dear Frank,

This in response to the article in last week's Tribe, "Love Your Garbage as Your Goods." I'm not commenting on the content of the article, but, rather, on aspects of male chauvinism that I noticed in it.

You mention, among other things, people needing to look at the quality of the products we buy, and not allow ourselves to be fooled by the fancily wrapped packages, and to find ways ourselves to re-use the packages. That was something I as a person could dig.

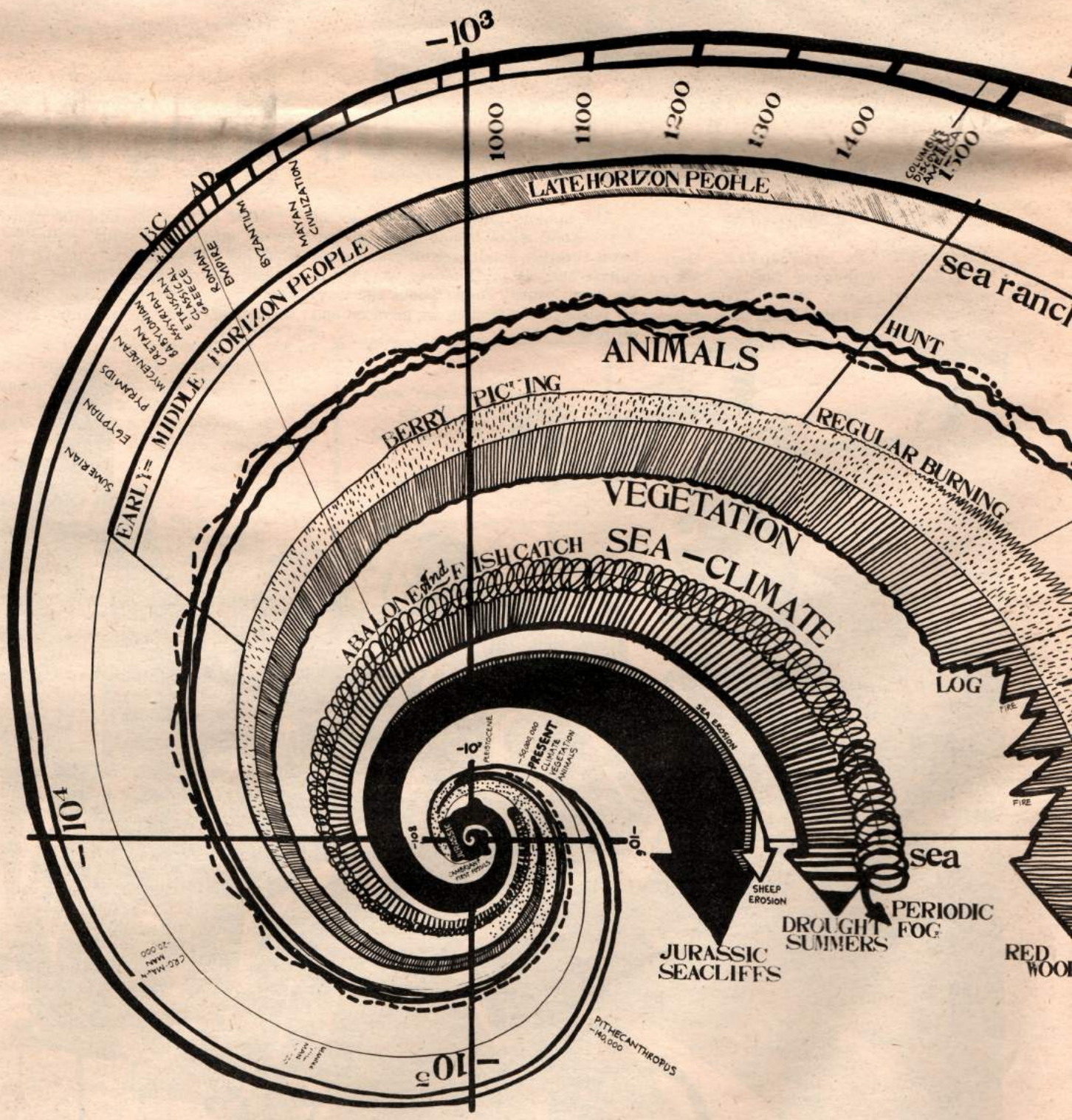
On the other hand, you mention that advertising tells you that if you buy this product then "the foxy chick on the wrapper will be eternally yours," etc., and, "instead of a beautiful woman panting for your bod there sits 13 oz of plastic, processed gluck," etc.

Now, I agree that sex is used to sell products, but its aimed at both women and men, depending on the ad. Why does your article sound as if you are talking to men, and yet give the impression that you're intending to reach anyone interested in learning about recycling our garbage? Just who is your article aimed at? Who are you talking to?

I mention this because it's something I've noticed a lot — men will write an article that's supposed to reach other people interested in that subject, but will use examples that make it sound as though they're talking to men. It's a subtle form of chauvinism that I don't think most men are aware of.

I think it's important that, as we fight the institutions which oppress us, like the corporations that sell us shit products in fancy packages, at the same time we should fight the things in us that are oppressive to other people.

In the struggle,
Ellen Karlson



PUSHERMAN

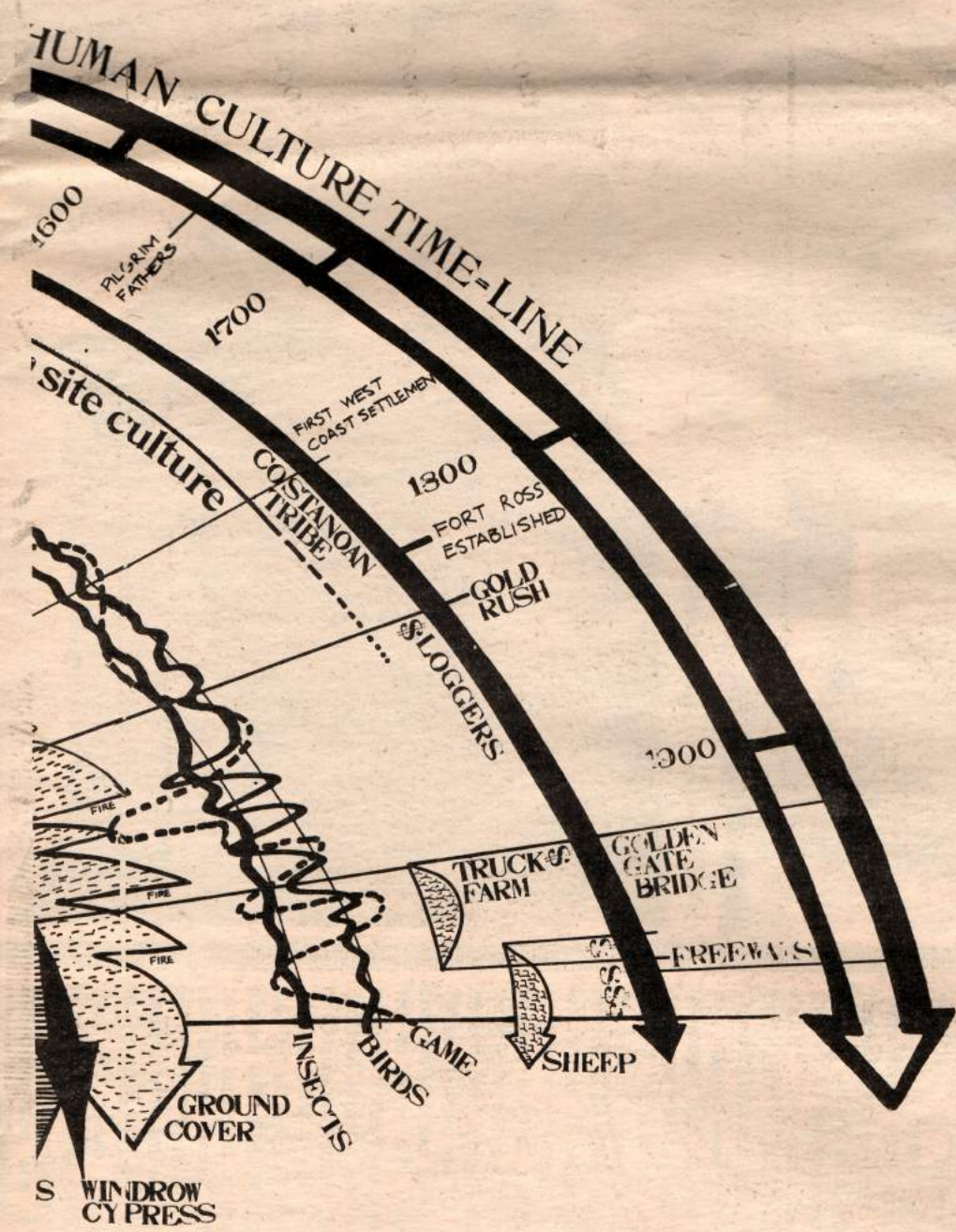
by Frank R. Kegan

In the popular mythology the pusherman is an evil character. Bent upon greed and the destruction of human beauty. A vile creature without redeeming features. In current Amerika the heroin seller is either another junkie hustling to keep up his habit or a businessman hustling to maintain his profit. The addict who sells heroin to keep his habit is simply running as fast as he can to stand still. There is no morality or really even any personality to his acts. He needs dope and selling dope is the easiest way for him to buy dope. The businessman who sells heroin simply for the profit is on the same moral footing as any businessman who sells a product for its profit rather than for what it is. Any businessman whose interest is the sale rather than the interaction between the commodity, its selle, its buyer, and its eventual use may or may not do as much damage as the pusher. Both satisfy needs for their profit only. They are resigned from the awareness of their acts. Of course they, like all of us, reap the fruits of their actions. It is simply that they keep themselves unaware of the reality of their situation.

The God-fearing businessman may well consider himself of a different class than the dope pusher; however they are the same. In fact they both serve the junk world. God himself is simply a pusherman. The concept of eternal judgment and reward or punishment is not a religious matter. It is a business concept. Essential to maintaining proper workings of a merchant empire. After a man has died the fruits of his actions will still be visited upon the planet and those still alive. What happens to him in another realm is of little importance to the planet. It is necessary, however, for the merchant to know that his accounts will be settled and essential to maintaining proper credit relationships.

The heaven which the loyal servant of the Lord can expect is the heaven of junk. It is the dazzling sight and sound hallucinations, the floating sensation, the gates and fortifications to protect against paranoia, and most of all the constant euphoria of the ultimate in junk. Only heavy narcotics such as heroin can induce a state where a person could enjoy spending endless time singing the praises of his supplier and being blissful. Only heroin has the seductive power to enable anyone to endure such a life without becoming infinitely bored. A world in which man's sole purpose is to glorify someone else is not the magnificent spiritual union of the Hindu or Buddhist — it is simply the ultimate in exploitation. The bliss of spiritual union comes when you become God; however when the absolute duality between God and the human soul is maintained along with the soul's "joy" being to exalt God it is not bliss but exploitation. If it is found to be pleasurable than it is the pleasure of narcosis not of love or religion.

Lucifer then appears not as the figure of absolute evil, but rather as the forces of life opposing narcosis. The hell-fire which torments Lucifer is the pain of loss and separation: withdrawal from God's junk. Lucifer represents the decision to be free even at the risk of the pain junk sickness rather than be the slave of the Pusherman. Lucifer's interaction with man is thus not simply the workings of an evil and depraved being. It is an attempt to free mankind from the trap which PushermanGod has set for us all. Man is created to be the loving slave of God. He is given a small dose of junk euphoris in the garden of Eden. When Lucifer convinced man to reach out for knowledge, God intervenes by cutting off their supply of junk. Now they must live in the world instead of simply being stoned spectators in God's hand. Man continues to seek to forget the cares and working of this planet and its life rather than taking an active and responsible role in its development. Lucifer is there to constantly show men that junk is not an answer, only a postponement. It is for each individual to make his own choice. Divine Grace (junk) is always available at a price. One must actively refuse the offers of the pusherman. Hell is liberated territory; each person in it chose to be in it — one must love something more than junk to go to hell. God holds out his eternal bliss for all who will pay his price. Lucifer offers us knowledge and the freedom to see what we want. For the slave of Pusherman God there is an eternal supply of junk; for the denizen of Hell there is freedom and truth. Each of us has the opportunity to chose either alternative.



Narcotic addiction is not just a word, it is much more. Different people are aware of different aspects of addiction, but very few of us realize what is happening in the world concerning the use of narcotics. The ignorance of the people is important to those who want to keep things as they are.

Heroin is many things, most of them bad. Firstly, it is the perfect capitalist consumer product. No advertising is necessary. Once a person is addicted he will probably be a lifelong customer. Only about 2% of those that try to kick make it. Heroin is cheap to produce and refine, and the profit margin is astronomical. A kilo of junk, bought at wholesale price in France, costs 3 to 4 thousand dollars, by the time it is cut down and ready to sell in New York, it can be worth a half million dollars. Pure capitalism, it makes the words, "Buy low and sell high," seem a joke.

Secondly, junk is a tool of oppression. When the individual is strung out he can only think of junk; it is his life blood. Heroin addiction recieved virtually no attention while it's use remained in the slums, and it's victims were people of color and poor whites. Only when middle and upper class white people got in the scene, did our government make some shuck and jive to contain it.

Junkies are some of the most oppressed people on Earth; they don't even have control of their own bodies. Junk is pumped into the ghettos and thousands of young men and women are trapped, just as surely as if they were in concentration camps. But junk is better than jail, not only are the minorities suppressed, but they pay the money power people to be held down. To get money for junk, they rob from people around them, usually from people who can afford it the least. Small shop keepers get goods stolen, women get purses snatched, meager apartments in the slums get ripped off. Junkies rob their brothers and sisters because they are driven. They are turned into slaves to make others rich. It is no accident that things are this way; it is stoned exploitation of the people by pigs. Dealers have no part in this. Almost all of them are users themselves, and only deal to try to keep up their own habits.

The junk world is a pyramid, with millions of hustling street junkies on the bottom. It is built on the backs of people who exist in fear and pain. At the top, are the fat cats, who leech off the needs of others. While the junkies' habit gets larger, the pigs in control get richer, and the people who get robbed to supply junk, they just get poorer.

It goes around and around, a vicious circle. The oppression of junk encircles the globe. Junk is illegal over most of the world for no moral reason, but because there are more profits in an unlawful product.

Junk is a perfect example of how the American death culture is built. "We will sell you happiness", it's so easy, just take a pill, or buy something to make you feel good. The low key advertising we are bombarded with is based on a junk psychology.

This problem is the concern of all of us whether we know it or not. Junk addiction is a chain reaction, every addict turns someone else on for the first time, and the oppression grows. And so does the pain and loss of the people. The Black Panthers call junk addiction "the PLAGUE" and they are completely correct. It must be dealt with by the people with understanding for our brothers and sisters who are addicts, not with jail or mental hospitals, they don't work. Medical help like methadone programs controlled by the people would be a good place to start.

Charles Hicks
Bridge Over
Troubled Waters

PRISONERS OF WAR

On Tuesday morning, Angela Davis and Ruchell McGee were arraigned on charges of murder and conspiracy in Marin County.

The space-age Civic Center was tense and quiet in the morning sunlight. Police cars waited in the sloping hills surrounding the courthouse; remembering Jonathan Jackson, apprehensive. Sheriffs guarded the roofs and entrances uneasily, searching everyone who entered, listening to the metal detectors beep 'all clear'.

The plush, windowless courtroom was crowded with newsmen, and a scattering of freaks and black people who had been allowed in after hours of waiting. Plain clothes police, conspicuously nonchalant, lounged in the back rows.

A marshall warned us that the courtroom would be cleared at the first signs of a disturbance. Judge Wilson came in and the doors were locked, Ruchell McGee was brought in in chains. The 31 year-old prisoner was shackled to his seat. All around, voices whispered: "Who's that? " They seemed to say, "Who is this manacled man at Angela's arraignment?

The flash of unawareness brought you up short. All the tension, the eagerness, the love and curiosity were so much directed at Angela, and Ruchell seemed so much forgotten. A convict imprisoned in San Quentin since 1965 on a $10.00 pot bust, who happened to be on the witness stand one summer morning in Marin when Jonathan Jackson entered Haley's courtroom with a satchel of guns. He handed one to Ruchell, and pushed him into history. Of his own choosing? Ruchell says he'd never heard of Jackson before that moment. He acted on the chance, the moment, the flash of decision whose background was a whole lifetime. And now chained, almost unnoticed, in the courtroom in Marin with Angela. Demanding the right to speak in his own defense- a self-taught jailhouse lawyer with reason enough to hate and distrust the lawyers who come around the prisons, patronizing, offering 'professional' help. Wanting only to speak for himself, and denied that right on the basis of a Southern rascist I.Q. test, administered 15 years ago in a Louisiana prison- a test which measured his intelligence at 75, and now condemns him as mentally incompetant to handle

Angela Speaks

As a preface to these brief remarks, I now declare publicly, before this court and before the people of this country, that I am innocent of all charges which have been leveled against me by the State of California.

I am innocent, therefore I maintain that my presence in this courtroom today is unrelated to any criminal act. I stand before the court as the target of a political frame-up which far from pointing to my culpability, implicates the State of California as an agent of political repression.

Indeed, the state reveals its own role by introducing as evidence against me, my participation in the struggles of my people, black people, against obvious injustices of this society, specifically my involvement in the Soledad Brothers Defense Committee. The American people had been led to believe that such involvement is constitutionally protected.

In order to insure that these political questions are not obscured, I feel compelled to play an active role in my own defense. As the defendant, as a black woman and a Communist, it is my duty to assist all those directly involved in the proceedings as well as the people of this state and the American people in general to thoroughly comprehend the substantive issues at stake in my case.

These have to do with my political beliefs, affiliations and my day-to-day efforts to fight all the condidtions which have economically and politically paralyzed black America. No one can better represent my political beliefs and activities than I.

A system of justice which virtually condemns to silence the one person who stands to lose most would seem to be

his own defense.

And then Angela came in: beautiful, composed, flashing a smile and a clenched fist to the audience. Walking tall and proud across the courtroom, to the 5 lawyers assembled to defend her. A kind of thrill runs thru the room. Different for different folks, but for everyone, she's such a heavy symbol, an objectified mystery.

Angela Davis and Ruchell McGee. Two people who've never met or spoken, coming together from different worlds, allied in a charge of murder by the State of California. She for supplying Jonathan with the guns for the kidnapping-for strategy, premeditation. He for seizing the moment of action in lifetime of frustration and defeat. The serene, articulate black intellectual revolutionary and the self-taught jailhouse-lawyer convict-revolutionary, united by their insistance on speaking for themselves, to tear away the haze of legal jargon and technicalities that mask the real nature of their trial. And by their recognition that what is really on trial is politics and race, not some framed-up violation of a criminal code. All morning, they struggled in different ways to take control: to break thru the muddle of judicial formality, to tell the people who they were, and why they were there.

After a long fight between Angela's lawyers and the prosecution, she was allowed to give a statement of why she wants to act as her own co-counsel. The speech came out in fragments, punctuated by the outraged objections of prosecutor Harris, the Deputy State Attorney General who was specially brought in for the case. "Your honor, we all know that Miss Davis is an accomplished speaker, but the courtroom is no occasion for a political speech!" And Judge Wilson, uneasy, unwillingly fascinated: "Yes , it is a political speech . . . but I'm not sure that makes it entirely irrelevant (!). Let her continue". Ruchell twisted in his bonds, calling out for some one to loosen the chains that were pinching his arms and legs.

D.A. Harris began to complain, in an adolescent tremor of self pity. He was 'taken aback by this surprise action', and shocked that the judge allowed Angela to 'make an unsworn satement from the counsel table'. In a strange twist of reasoning, he seemed to see Angela- "Miss Davis, with her vast army of attorneys"-as the one with the heavy arsenal of power, and himself as a valient little David battling Goliath. "Your honor, I know that the attention of the whole world is focussed on Miss Davis, but we must remember that THE PEOPLE (i.e., the State) is a party, too, and has rights . . "

Ruchell's court-appointed lawyer, Bjorkland, then rose to report that his efforts to 'help' McGee had met with vehement refusal. "I was informed that if I persisted in my efforts, he would respond with violence. I wish to withdraw as appointed counsel. I just can't take it any more," he whined. You could read his patronizing contempt for McGee in every word he spoke.

Ruchell began to read a statement about why he wants to defend himself: "Your newspapers say I have an I.Q. of 75; just hand me a law book, pencil, and paper, and I'll show it's not true . . ." He was swallowed up in the arguments of judge and lawyers, and never get to finish. Judge Wilson is obviously stymied by McGee. He refused to let Ruchell defend himself, but doesn't know what to do about his continued refusal to take a lawyer. He prefers to ignore him, and talk over him to the 'real' lawyers; people with degrees and high-rated I.Q.'s who he feels comfortable with. McGee was finally expelled from the courtroom when Wilson judged that he was becoming 'too disruptive.'

A littlemore wrangling between judges and lawyers, and Angela's arraignment was over too. The next appearance would be in the beginning of March. For a few moments, she could call greetings to sisters who were being hustled from the emptying courtroom. Then the matrons lead her back to solitary confinement. With a slight shock, we remembered that this strong sister who had taken the game away from the perplexed judge and sputtering D.A. that morning was still their prisoner-that despite the awed uneasiness she provoked in them, she couldn't walk out with us.

As we left the courthouse, we saw the rally on the hill: a tight circle of hundreds of people, fists clenched, chanting together. "The power of the people will FREEE ANGELA!" As it will free Ruchell Magee. "And you know", Angela's sister Fania said grimly, "that it's the only thing that will!"

black people to combat this contradiction inherent in the judicial system, for we have accumulated a wealth of historical experience which confirms our belief that the scales of American justice are out of balance. In order to enhance the possibility of being granted a fair trial, of which I am at present extremely doubtful, it is imperative that I be allowed to represent myself. I might add that my request is not without legal precedent.

If this court denies our motion to include me as co-counsel in this case, it will be aligning itself with the forces of racism and reaction which threaten to push this country into the throes of fascism. The many people who have become increasingly disillusioned with the court system in this country will have a further reason to solidify their contention that it is no longer possible to get a fair trial in America.

THE POWER OF THE PEOPLE IS THE ONLY FORCE THAT CAN FREE THEM!

POEM ON THE PUBLIC REACTION TO THE CAPTURE OF ANGELA DAVIS

this is the worst to see
how quick we are to turn our backs.
someone said,
she wanted to be caught;
as if she could wish
the jail away too, I dont
want to hear these denials, we
were all still believing
in her invincibility.
dont tell me she wanted
not to be free,
or that Fred Hampton wanted
to be dead,
or that women want
to be raped,
or that Viet Nam wants
to be bombed.
do we want her in jail?
want to be helpless, to be
frightened?
and some said, the judge didnt
want to be dead.
dont tell me about him
either, he wanted
to judge, he wanted to jail, to
have the right of life or death, he
chose his side and I dont have time to cry
for him,
I'm sorry
for all the dead,
but we are at war now, we are at war
for the sake of the living.

Susan Griffin

War-Season's Greetings From JAPAN

December 10, 1970

Dear North Ameri-cong Friends:

We would like to call your attention to the OWL, a GI Coffee House in Japan, and urge you to support it spiritually as well as materially.

You Ameri-cong movement people may without doubt know that on June 23, 1970, the governments of AmeriKKKa and Japan "automatically" extended AMPO (the U.S.—Japan Security Treaty) for an indefinite period of time overruling the dissenting voices of millions of Japanese and thousands of North American citizens.

Since the days of the Korean War, AMPO has been an important prop, and a necessary condition for the two countries' counter-revolutionary misadventures throughout Asia. It is clearly indicated by the following words of Madam Binh, the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the PRG of S. Vietnam, that Japan has made an "unsinkable air-craft carrier" floating in the Pacific Ocean:

"Had there not been the four islands of Japan, the people of Vietnam would not have suffered this much misery and devastation."

We feel that our failure in smashing AMPO last June was considerably due to the lack of strong collaboration between the movements across the Pacific Ocean compared to the one having been enjoyed by the pigs' establishments. While the imperialist pigs, pushed into a tight corner, are trying to reinforce their military alliance via AMPO hoping that it would prolong their days, which are already numbered, they are opening a fierce economic battle between themselves — e.g., the U.S. capital investments in Japan, and the Japanese exports to the U.S. No matter how much these pigs love each other or hate each other, we, the people struggling for liberation, should always be certain that we are FRIENDS.

Determined to establish strong and direct links between the people of the two countries, and inspired by the revolutionary GI movements in the U.S., a number of Japa-cong groups have started working with/on approximately 100,000 North American GIs stationed in the two-hundred-odd bases in Japan including Okinawa, and with/on Japanese Self Defense Forces soldiers who are supposed to take North American GIs' place and police around Asia in the near future. Various activities to smash AMPO — to dissolve the pigs' military, and to convert it into the military for the people — are on the rise here both inside and outside the U.S. and Japanese armed forces.

The OWL is part and parcel of such a vast movement to smash the AMPO system. The OWL is located in front of the USAF base in Misawa, north-eastern district of Japan's Honshu (Main Island), 8 hours from Tokyo by express train. (About 4,500 GIs and 4,500 dependents are here in a city with a population of 35,000.) It was opened in mid-July, 1970, and is the first and only one of its kind in this part of the world.

The OWL is supported quite well by the GIs here. Many of them dare to risk harassments, frequenting and patronizing the OWL. Financially, however, the OWL faces a continuous threat of bankruptcy. After paying all the bills, our "minimum subsistence" wage of 15,000 yen ($41.67) per person per month must always be curtailed.

We are more than glad to accept your donations and contributions which may be used to help GIs enlighten themselves, read between the lines of the STARS AND STRIPES, and critically listen to the Far East Network. For any offer you give the OWL, you are entitled to sip a cup of Japanese green tea at the grooviest coffee house you can find in this part of the world. Please make your check payable to the OWL and send it to:

American Servicemen's Union
Rm. 538, 156 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10010

If you would like to write to us directly, our address is:

The OWL GI Coffee House
2-4-9 Chuo-cho, Misawa-shi
Aomori-ken, JAPAN

Let us make one point crystal clear: Though we are asking for your support, in the depths of our minds we never think we are running the OWL GI Coffee House for your or anybody else's sake. We are doing it for OURSELVES, for OUR OWN LIBERATION! You may easily see our point if you just recall the indisputable words of Madam Binh cited above. A nation suppressing others is not free itself!!!

Best of Luck to You and Us!

—OWL

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OKINAWA

One thousand Okinawans stormed onto Kadena Air Force Base Dec. 20, battling U.S. troops with fists, rocks and stones, and set fire to a base school, a guardhouse and 83 vehicles. The angry crowd swelled to 5000 as the fight continued into the predawn hours. U.S. troops reacted with teargas and rifle shots when they fired into the crowd, 14 Okinawans were injured.

The residents of occupied Okinawa were protesting the latest of a long series of injuries that the American presence has inflicted on thier island. A GI had run over an Okinawan with his car and sped off unconcerned, leaving the victim lying in the street.

Okinawans know that if the driver of the car is caught, he will probably get only a wrist-slap by his superiors. They remember with deep resentment a similar case earlier this month, in which a GI responsible for the death of an Okinawan woman got off lightly at the hands of the military court after the U.S. refused to turn him over to Okinawan authorities.

These are not isolated incidents. In 1967, 1,407 crimes of violence by American soldiers and civilians against Okinawans were reported. The rate of such crimes has risen rapidly since then. In most of these cases, victims receive no indemnity at all.

People resort to violence when they can't get justice any other way, and Okinawan grievances have been ignored by American generals since 1945, when the U.S. slaughtered 100,000 innocent Okinawans while invading the island. Okinawa, the larges of the Ryukyu Islands, has for 25 years been ruled by a U.S. general called the High Commissioner, who has the powers of an absolute monarch. Neither the Japanese nor the American Constitution operates in the islands. The High Commissioner can make any laws he likes and has complete authority over the miniscule local government= he can remove any local official, elected or appointed, and can veto any local legislation and replace it with a military ordinance.

Although the native population has no control over its government, they are asked to supply through taxes 70% of the government's budget. The 75,00 American soldiers, sailors, airmen and civilians who live on the island are protected by an ordinance governing the taxation of foreigners. One reason that so many American cars got trashed Dec. 20 is that Okinawans have to pay ten times more in automobile taxes than Americans--an american pays $6.67 a year, an Okinawan pay $70.00. The percapita income of Okinawans is $580.

These splendid wages are paid by the American military who employ almost half of the working population of Okinawa.

Last January 20,000 Okinawan workers in air fields, naval ports, supply installations, ammunition depots and barracks held a five-day general strike to protest low wages and reinforcement of the bases. American soldiers drove their cars through the strikers' picket lines at high speed while other troops attacked the lines with a high pressure water cannon. Okinawans who work for the U.S. have no right to collective bargaining and no right to strike.

The December 20 attack against Kadena Air Force Base was not the first. In February, 1969, 6000 radical students attempted to storm the base, hurling Molotov cocktails and rocks, but were driven back by riot police. They were demanding the removal of B-52's from the base.

The B-52's that take off night and day from Dadena to bomb Indochina are only part of the American arsenal that occupies almost a quarter of the land of the Ryukyu Islands. The Pentagon regards Okinawa as the keystone to the U.S. "security" posture in Asia. It is strategically located 900 miles southwest of Tokyo, 800 miles northeast of Hong Kong, 1400 miles from Da Nang in Vietnam, and a scant 600 miles from Shanghai. The U.S. has 124 bases on the islands; 117 of them are on Okinawa.

What once was Okinawan farmland now holds four Mace—B sites capable of delivering nuclear bombs, eight Nike—Hercules sites with nuclear capability, eight Hawk missile sites, 21 various radar sites, four training sites for bombing, nine training sites for shooting, four drilling sites for guerrilla warfare, three drilling sites for paratroopers, and six airports.

Around Kadena Base itself, the sheer noise of the planes — which often goes over 100 decibles — interrupts children's school work and has driven citizens of the area to mental illness and suicide. The village's drinking water has been polluted by large quantities of gasoline and airplane cleaning liquid that has escaped from broken pipes into the water supply and sewers.

Okinawa is due to revert to the control of Japan in 1972, but American bases will remain to torment Okinawans and threaten all Asia.

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THE SACRED TREE IS DEAD

When Lieutanent Calley massacred the unarmed population of My Lai, he was acting in the finest tradition of the US Army. The westward course of empire across the pacific only mirrors its progress across this continent a century ago.

Strategic Hamlets were then known as "reservations". Pacification was called "civilization" or "bringing christianity to the savages". The "native population" was divided into "friendlies" and "hostiles," hostile meaning they fought back when attacked.

And for My Lai, there were the massacres at Sand Creek, Blue water, Wounded Knee and dozens of other places the American Indian chose to commit the crime of attempting to exist

BURY MY HEART AT WOUNDED KNEE by Dee Brown (Holt Rinehart and Winston, 1971) (unfortunately priced at $10.95) is the incredible chronicle of the decimation and destruction of western Indian Tribes before the tide of greed, corruption and barbarism of white Amerika, spearheaded by the US army.

In 1860 there were half a million Indians living in the prairies, mountains and valley of the western US. By 1890 all of the land was expropriated by white entreprenuers, ranchers, farmers, miners, and railroads. The buffalo , once as numerous on the plain as sand on the beach, was nearly extinct. The once free Tribes, what was left after the massacres, malaria and starvation took their toll, were penned up in tiny reservations to be "made over as white men."

WOUNDED KNEE is a thorough and well documented account of wars, treaties, resettlements, and above all the resistance of the Indians to the great American genocide.

The Indians overwhelmingly desired peace, wanting only to be left alone in their ancestral homes and hunting grounds. They fought only when the soldiers forced them off their lands, rounding them up and making them move to reservations in strange parts of the country, feeding them starvation rations and breaking treaties which had been signed only short times before.

One after another the tribes were forced out. On the poor land they were allotted, many Indians died from starvation. When they complained, the answer was "If they are hungry, let them eat grass or their own dung."

More and more prodded by profit seekers the policy of the US government became what was articulated by General Phil Sheridan, "The only good Indian is a dead Indian".

The Santee Sioux in Minnesota made war on the white settlers after starving tribe members were murdered by whites encroaching on their reservation. For starting the war, the Great Emancipator Abraham Lincoln ordered what possibly stands as the largest mass execution in US history. Thirty nine Santee leaders were hung without trial.

In the Dakotas,Wyoming and Nebraska, home of the Teton Sioux and Northern Cheyenne Tribes, the Indians fought for twenty five years to save their land. Under Red Cloud, Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse they defeated the soldiers in every battle they fought, yet with the buffalo gone and the railroad running through their territory they were faced with starvation and had to give themselves up scarcely a year after winning their victory over Long Hair Custer at Little Big Horn.

Both Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull were murdered by white soldiers as they were taken into captivity.

In the Southern Plains, the Southern Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Commanches, and Kiowas fought against their removal to "Indian Territory", now Oklahoma. A band of Cheyenne friendlies at Sand Creek in Colorado was massacred by soldiers from Denver who mutilated the bodies. Over a hundred Indians were killed.

In the southwest, the Chiricahua Apaches under Cochise, and later Geronimo fought for two decades against being herded into reservations. (And yes, there really was a Tom Jeffords who befriended Cochise, one of the few whites who learned to think like an Indian). At one point, Geronimo with thirty-five braves stood off one third of the active forces of the US Army.

In California, the Modocs fought a futile last ditch battle to prevent being moved from Tule Lake country to Oklahoma. They lost, outnumbered twenty to one many died fighting while many others later died of homesickness.

The Nez Perces, proud of never having killed a white man in seventy years of contact since they helped the Louis and Clark expedition, were also forced out of their land in the northwest.

Sad at having to fight, they still made fools of the US army as they fought battles and rearguard actions in their flight to Canada. Only a few made it, joining Sitting Bull in exile. After Chief Joseph's band was trapped, and surrendered they were removed to Oklahoma. Like the Modocs, most died soon after.

The Northern Cheyennes tried to escape from their exile in Oklahoma, fleeing up towards Nebraska. They evaded and held off several column of troops through the long autumn march to the Sioux reservation, where they were taken captive. Rather than be taken back to Oklahoma to starve, they escaped and fought one last battle.

Most of them were killed. The once numerous Cheyenne tribe was reduced to a few hundred starving freezing people huddled together in the Dakotas.

And the Sioux were finally broken up into six tiny reservations all the rest of their lands gone. They survived on meager handouts and lived in sod huts, living as most Indians have until today, when once again the Indians are picking up the pieces of their decimated culture and claiming what is rightfully theirs.

In 1890, thirteen years after hostilities had ceased, a peaceful band of Sioux camped at Wounded Knee Creek were surrounded by troops of the US army. A scuffle broke out. Using this as an excuse, the soldiers shot into the camp, killing anyone they could, mostly women and children. Over three hundred died in that massacre. When Custer tried to do this at little Big Horn,the Indians were prepared, and wiped out his forces. That is well known in American history as a "massacre" by "savages". Wounded Knee is practically unknown.

"I did not know how much was ended. When I look back now from this high point of my old age, I can still see the butchered women and children lying heaped and scattered along the crooked gulch a s plain as when I saw them with my eyes still young. And I can see that something else died there in the bloody mud and was buried in the blizzard. A people's dream died there. It was a beautiful dream.... the nations hoop is broken and scattered. There is no center any longer, and the sacred tree is dead."

Black Elk, remembeiring Wounded Knee .

"They made us many promises, more than I can remember, but they never kept but one; they promised to take our land, and they took it."

Photograph by E. S. Curtis.

New Year's Greetings to the NLF, DRNV and the People of Vietnam

Another year has passed
it seems like forever
the war has been waged

it has been long
this bitter war
and so many dead

it is ten years
the NLF has fought
the struggle raged

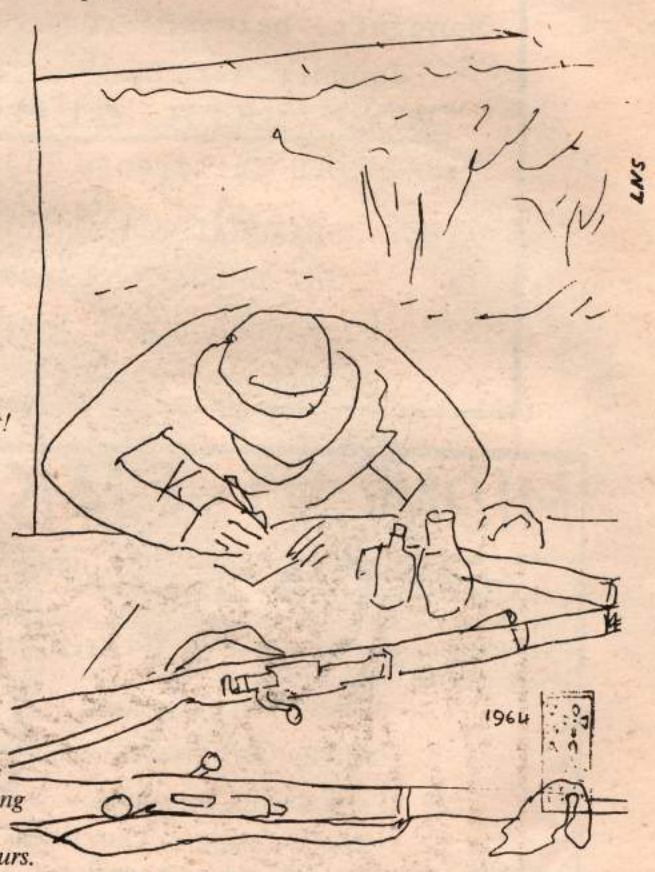
Hail the 2nd anniversary Tet!

it was not long ago
the old man died
"Uncle Ho"

but he reminds us –
"the poems of our day
must be clad in steel,
poets too
must known how to fight!"

a new year's wish comrades,
may your children grow strong
your rice crops flourish
and a victorious peace be yours.

rfl



Drawing from South Vietnam

KILL 'EM

The first thing I noticed about being at the football game was that I never see that many short-haired people except pigs at a demonstration. Not that that should have surprised me, but it did.

I mean, I dig football, and here I was home, and my brother-in-law and I were going to watch our team play. We even bought a "You can't tell your players without a" scorecard, almost losing our ears as the guy shouted it out.

Things got a little more suspicious when they prayed for the prisoners of war before the game (all on tv, of course). But I figured it was just the trappings.

But then, close up, everything took on a different aura. Baltimore had already won the league championship, so the fans were pretty bored: after all, the PRIZE was got, and this game was just a practice for the various Superbowl, National and World championships. Moreover, this was against the Jets, who had humiliated us in the first Intergalactic playoff two years ago, so there was a vindicative air about the stadium.

People were ramming into each other mercilessly after tackles were almost completed. The fans loved it. This couple back of us had a real hatred for Bubba Smith, a 300 pound black Baltimore end: "the laziest man on the field.""Hey, Bubba, how come your uniform's so clean?" But when he got into a fight with a Jet, all of a sudden,Bubba was their man. A nigger, if he fought for Baltimore, was even more dear to them than some foreign New Yorker with white skin. "Get him, Bubba, Kill him." You got the distinct feeling they supported sending black soldiers to Vietnam, too, even though they didn't entirely trust them.

Even the referees carved out their little piece of the pie. One time when a first down was obviosly not made, they called for a measurement anyway. Triumphantly holding his hands exactly 1.934 feet apart (but was it his palms or the third joints or the fingertips), he ceremoniously turned to face the different parts of the crowd. "Look at me ungrateful motherfuckers," he seemed to be thinking.

Sometimes the sides seemed to get very uneven. When the fans thought the refs had called an unfair penalty against Baltimore (I thought they were just evening out the game), the next series of plays had 58,011 people on one team, and 11 on the other. And the grateful fans booed generously whenever one of the home-town boys fucked up. No one seemed to agree with Chairman Mao that "In real life, you cannot have ever victorious generals."

For half-time there was a wonderful show of "Toyland" as a Christmas special. This included "the bad guys" (naturally Indians) who get chased off by the "good guys" (naturally pigs). And the hero, Mr. America-type, ends up with toy "dolls" for Christmas, who are Playboy bunnies. All throughout the game we were entertained by cheerleaders, who are freezing women in short skirts pushing pom-poms at the 80% male audience. The fans, however, seemed to be getting their sublimated gratification in the mauling on the field, and generally ignored the cheerleaders. One of their main reasons for existence was to insure that there is never a moment of silence, lest anyone actually THINK for a second.

The end came early. Since a lot of the point of the game is the standings and the statistics, once we had obviously won the game, everyone left early. We waited till the end, and I think 30,000 people left before us.

It wasn't like the 49er—Raider game.

It was a lot more peaceful than the 49er—Cowboy game, where 20 people got busted in a fight that started after the game. But the principle was the same: pick someone to love — in this case, your city's football team — and HATE everyone who opposes them passionately.

I'm sure glad Stanford killed Ohio State.

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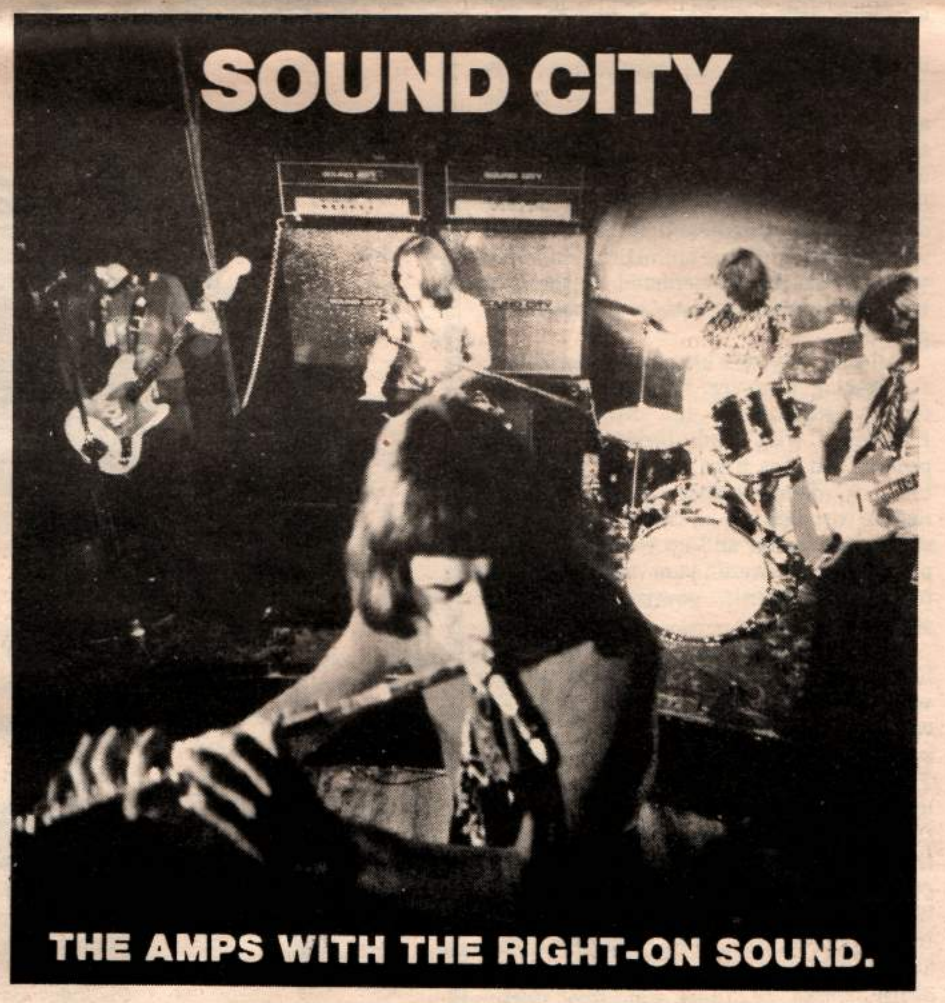

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PEOPLE TAKE THE STREETS

Franco Freaks

The trial of sixteen members of the ETA (Euskodi At Askatusana — "Basque land and liberty") was originally conceived by Franco as the climax of a two year campaign to crush the revolutionary socialist group that had been fighting for the autonomy of Spain's four Basque provinces. They were being tried under a fuzzy "banditry and terrorism" law, and the only evidence that the military court had against them were confessions wrung out of some of the defendants under extreme torture.

The plan backfired and Franco was hit from all sides. The two million Catholic Basques in Spain rallied around the defendants (two of them are priests). Even the council of Bishops and the Vatican condemned the trial.

More importantly however were the protests from other parts of Spain: industrial strikes, demonstrations, and student/youth clashes with the police erupted in most of the large cities in Spain. While the left wing was contained to non-Spanish speaking peoples, in provinces that had never considered themselves a part of Spain, the government felt reasonably secure. The dissidents could be written off as outside agitators or at least as alien peoples. But the spread of revolt to young Spanish workers and students gave the threat a new importance.

A day before the trial was to start, a West German diplomat, Eugen Beihl, was kidnapped by the ETA. A public announcement was made that any sentences they passed on the "Burgos 16" were ditto for Beihl. In France, three Spanish banks were burned, and similar actions were threatened if the Basques were executed. These countries, too, were anxious that the stir created by the trial be quieted with the maximum clemency possible.

All this may not have had much effect on Franco, however, if the rank and file of his supporters, the working class Falangists who had brought him to power, had not been moving away from him. A demonstration staged by the regime brought them all out into the streets of Madrid and up to the palace as planned, but there were more banners protesting "weak government" than applauding Franco.

Both the Falangists and the military have become increasingly disenhanted with the "liberal" technocrats in Franco's cabinet. Knowing that the Falangists might support them in a military coup if Franco's liberal tendencies became a little more evident, and knowing equally well that Franco would have to contend with the threat of revolution if the sentences of the Basques were extreme, they put him in a squeamish position, almost forcing him to cross them:

They sentenced six of the Basques to death (three of them got two death sentences, an additional one for banditry).

One was acquitted.

The others got a total of 519 years in prison.

When the sentences were announced, Basque guerrillas promised to assassinate two government officials for every death sentence that was carried out. Riots threatened to break out all over Spain. Franco was forced to act quickly — death sentences are usually carried out within 24 hours — and commuted them to 30 years in prison.

While this has quieted the issue, Spain is still on shaky ground, teetering somewhere between revolution and another military takeover. The Falangists are behind the military, and this is going to force Franco to take an even harder line in the future. It was really the only decision that Franco could have made, though. It enabled him to hold off both the left and the right: by first showing his strength — how far he is willing to go to stop dissent in the country; then by displaying his humanitarian side by commuting the sentences. It has quieted world opinion, too, assuring people that, after all, this is a "benevolent dictatorship."

It has ended the possibility, at least for now, that the military will have to be called out to quell a nationwide revolt. Had this happened, it would have given the military an incredible amount of power, while at the same time greatly slowing up, if not stopping, Franco's liberalization of Spain.

Finally, it has taken peoples' eyes off the growing revolutionary movement in Spain, and the broad based lack of support for the regime. But in the end, Franco has only postponed the revolution in Spain. The movement there will grow as more and more young Spaniards get fed up with the Fascist government that has been handed them.

white panther trial

Sisters and Brothers:

The White Panther Party will, in a couple of weeks, be on trial for its existence. The Government has charged Chairman John Sinclair, Minister of Defense Pun Plamondon, and Deputy Minister of Education Jack Forrest with conspiracy to blow up the secret offices of the CIA in Ann Arbor in September, 1968.

Pun is also charged with the actual bombing.

It took the Government over a year after the alleged act was committed to concoct their phony frameup, and they figured that by coming out with the indictments just after John Sinclair had been sentenced to 10 years in jail for possession of two joints, after Pun had been arrested in three states on dope busts, and Jack had a host of state-level charges against him, they could deal the death-blow to our community organizing by jamming up three of our most effective organizers. They enlisted the services of a self-proclaimed lunatic, David Valler, who was more than willing to play the role of dopefiend - turned - pig by testifying before a Federal Grand Jury that he conspired with the brothers (he's a co-conspirator, NOT a co-defendant).

Valler also began writing a series of articles for the fascist Detroit News, on how his short stint in the lunatic fringe of the youth culture led him to become a mad bomber. As the first part of his reward, he was given a two-year sentence for EIGHT of his bombings in the Detroit-Ann Arbor area (mostly police cars), to be served concurrently with his 5-7 year rap for possession of seven pounds of marijuana.

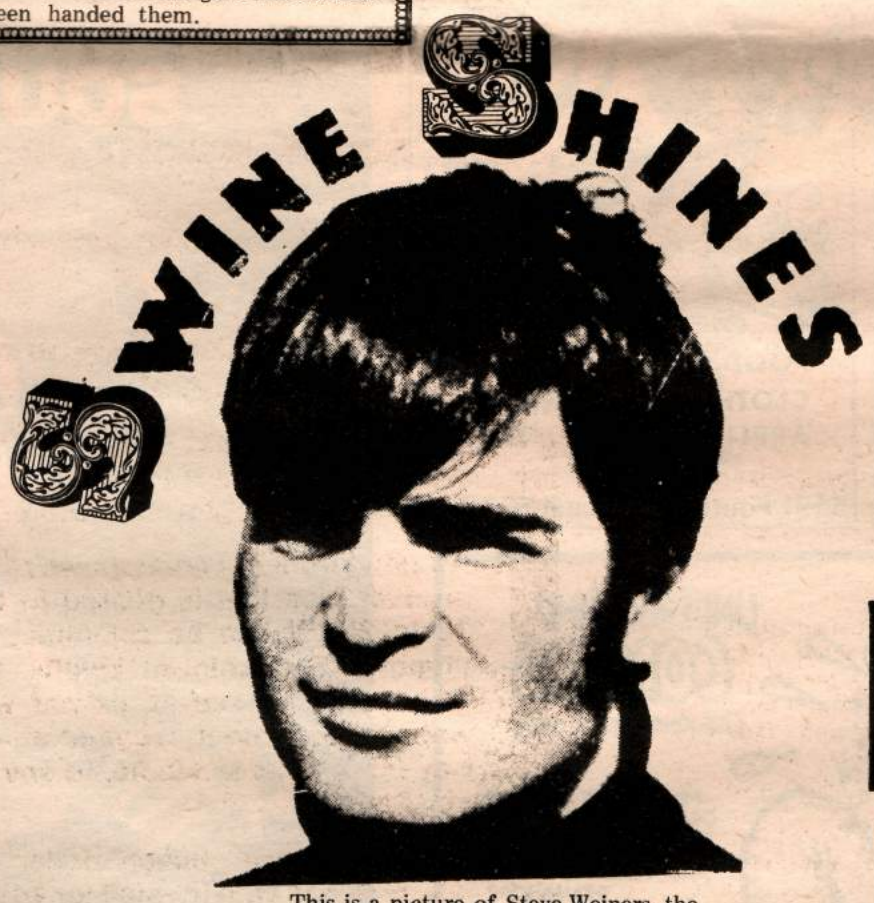
In this, as in all political trials, the Government strategy is to isolate, divide and conquer. But we feel that this trial is unique, in that the Government has chosen three people whose roots are solidly in the youth culutre, and charged them with conspiracy to destroy an office of the single most pernicious source of violent imperialism all over the planet. And as such, the trial will provide a great way of linking political repression against young people and oppressed people at home with the Government's plan of destruction for people seeking self-determination in the rest of the world.

To present the kind of trial we must to heighten the contradictions, we're going to need a lot of bread. A minimum of $40,000 is necessary just to give the basic approach we feel we must to show the REAL conspirators. We need your help.

The trial is scheduled to start January 26. We are calling for national days of support in the days immediately preceding the trial, Jan. 23-25. This support can take the form of rock concerts, poetry readings, movies, and rallies. No amount of effort is too small, whether it draws 50 people or 500, whether it raises $10 or $1000.

We have set up a headquarters in Detroit for the trial staff, which includes two of our lawyers, Bill Kunstler and Lenny Weinglass, and from which all media, propaganda and fundraising will originate. PLEASE start thinking of ways to imaginatively build a mass base of support for the brothers. Our phone number is (313) 361-2330.

Ken Kelley
White Panther Party



This is a picture of Steve Weiners, the pig responsible for busting Claudia Conine, Joyce Plecha, Sharon Krebs, Christopher Tremble and Robin Palmer — the Piggy Bank 6.

He now has a goatee and mustache (add your own). Many of the people who remember him hanging around movement groups say now that they had had suspicions of him but never really checked him out thoroughly.

He used to go to meetings and demonstrations but never talked much. While superficially friendly, he never really got close to anyone.

If anyone can remember more about him or can provide leads contact RAT 228-4460, 4670 or Tribe 549-3391, -3392.

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Thursday, December 24, 1970
Tribe Brothers and Sisters:
All power to the people;
From all of the Bro's here in the prison quarters, we wish you a successful 1971 in your attempts to bring the real news to the people---Since the inception of the " Tribe " here in these quarters(prison) many areas of strife have been broken among the convicts; the " Tribe " has been a contributing factor in this advancement---exposure to the methods, ploys, game--traps, exploitation, genocide etc.; through the movement papers and the collective-agreement among those of us who are capable of breaking these things down and defining the true nature of situations that are and have suppressed poor people yesterday and today will continue to educate each other(everyone teach one in 71)here in these quarters---the Lumpen's consciousness is moving to a level where he will best be fit to serve the " people." --here or out there in the communities under siege----right on..
seize the time!

In struggle,
Mchaguliwa,
Corresponding Sec.
Afro-Amer. Group.
Crystal Creek CC#13.

Mbaya Mwenzi
Mbaya,
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and a Happy New Year

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Real cheap long Distance CALLS

Berkeley rumor mongers are spreading the word that the telephone monopoly has gone and changed the credit card system, making it more complicated for would be thieves to get away with credit card frauds.

However, the word is that these immoral louts have found out the key to the new system. They say that the letter now comes at the end of the number instead of before it. In addition, there are nine different letters in use this year, keyed to the sixth number of the credit card. The key, reportedly stolen by these jackanapes, is this. If the sixth number in the card is one, the letter is "Q". If it is two, "A" is the letter at the end. Three corresponds with "E", four is "H", five is "J", six and nine are "N", seven is "R", eight is "U" and zero is "Z".

For example, if the card is 621-7328-158, the sixth number is two, and the letter at the end would be "A".

Otherwise it is still the same. The first seven numbers are the phone number of the card holder, the last three are keyed to the city. The key remains the same as last year, San Francisco is 158.

The dangerous criminals who use phoney cards are careful that the first three numbers of the prefix is a real prefix in the area the card purports to be from, and the fourth number should never be "9" because that indicates a pay phone.

It is scandalous that if they sound sure of themselves over the phone, and make up a realistic number, they are never caught. Of course they are careful to not call in traceable patterns, or to talk for longer than fifteen minutes on the call.

Last issue the Tribe printed an article called "Pig Research" about two unrelated drug-research projects in Berkeley. The organizers of one of these projects, Roger Roffman and Dave Droppa, of the School of Social Welfare at UC, came in to us to rap about what they are doing.

It seems that a committee exists to try and figure out where to put a new drug treatment program inthe community, and with what orientation. The research is to find out how people react to the 8 — 10 places in the community that they can now go to for non-hospital help, ranging from the Free Clinic to University of Kalifornia Kounseling service. Are there places black people go? Do people want more information about the quality of dope around, and how to make home remedies for stuff? Why do people not go to certain institutions that are supposedly there to help them?

Off of one hour's talking, we don't want to recommend that you DO talk to them. But we do think you should rap to them enough to find out for yourself whether you want to help them do their research. They can be found in Room 316, Haviland Hall, UC School of Social Welfare.

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Call our New Product Development Office and ask for Carol Chorney. Her number is (215) 825-2780. Or write her at Poster Prints, Plymouth Square Center, Conshohocken, Pa. 19428.

HIGH

My, my, I haven't written anything for you for a short while now, it feels good to be back at it. Hello everybody!

If you didn't go up to Pepperland on New Years Eve or the Saturday after it, then you missed it! Sly was headlining on those days and please don't say, 'Sly who?'

Sly and his Family have one of the greatest live acts going! I can't remember how may times I've seen Sly, but every time I've seen his group I've had an uncontrollable urge to dance and to act a complete fool for as long as his group played, and sometimes I keep it up after they've stopped playing. I ain'tgonna lie to you, I really be having myself a good time! I got up to Pepperland Saturday night just as Sly was going on. The place was packed — just loaded to the gills; there were people everywhere, all over the stage, all over the auditorium, all over me, all over everywhere! This girl even passed out in my arms as she was going out of an exit door I happen to be standing next to.

Sly looked about as loaded as he or anybody else could be, but then Sly always looks like that — wearing one of his many, colored hats with his huge, curled Afro wig bulging out from under it. (I realize that all those fancy clothes that Sly and his group wear are a major part of their act; many people come mainly to see what they are wearing. But, there's just something about all those boots, hats, velvets, furs and diamonds I can't relate to.)

Nevertheless, they began with "Thank You" as they have for the last year and a half, then they faded into "Sing a Simple Song" and after that I don't remember what they did, I was too busy trying to dance in the crowded spot I was in. But after it was all over I'm sure they had played most of their hits, anyway. But I know one they didn't play: "Music Lover." It's my favorite and they didn't even play it, Boo on them for that, double Boo!

The excitement Sly's group created is a wonderment in itself, the music just sort of takes you over whether you want it to or not and there you are, having a good, good time. There's not much more I can say about this one, most of you have probably already seen Sly, and if you haven't, then you missed it!

During those holidays gone by I also got a chance to see the Voices of East Harlem. They were appearing at the Fillmore with Jam Factory (a good group but, they had too much Sly in 'em) and with Delaney and Bonnie (a group I absolutely loathe.)

The Voices are sort of a rock choir of young black kids (maybe 14 to 18) from (where else) Harlem, New York. When they came out dancing onto the stage I counted thirteen of them, not including the four piece band. They did most of their album (Right On Be Free) which at first sounds much like the Edwin Hawkins thing, and they were really quite exciting and enjoyable.

The rhythms in the songs they do don't vary much at all, so after about the fourth or fifth song they got a little predictable. Their music sounds much like a black church choir set to rock music, now that I think about it, that's what it is! All in all, I think they should get credit for being a really first rate group, but I fear they will be one of those groups who will soon fade into oblivion after the excitement dies down...I guess you know how that is? And if you don't, just act like you do.

Me to you,

Brother Brown

On SLY

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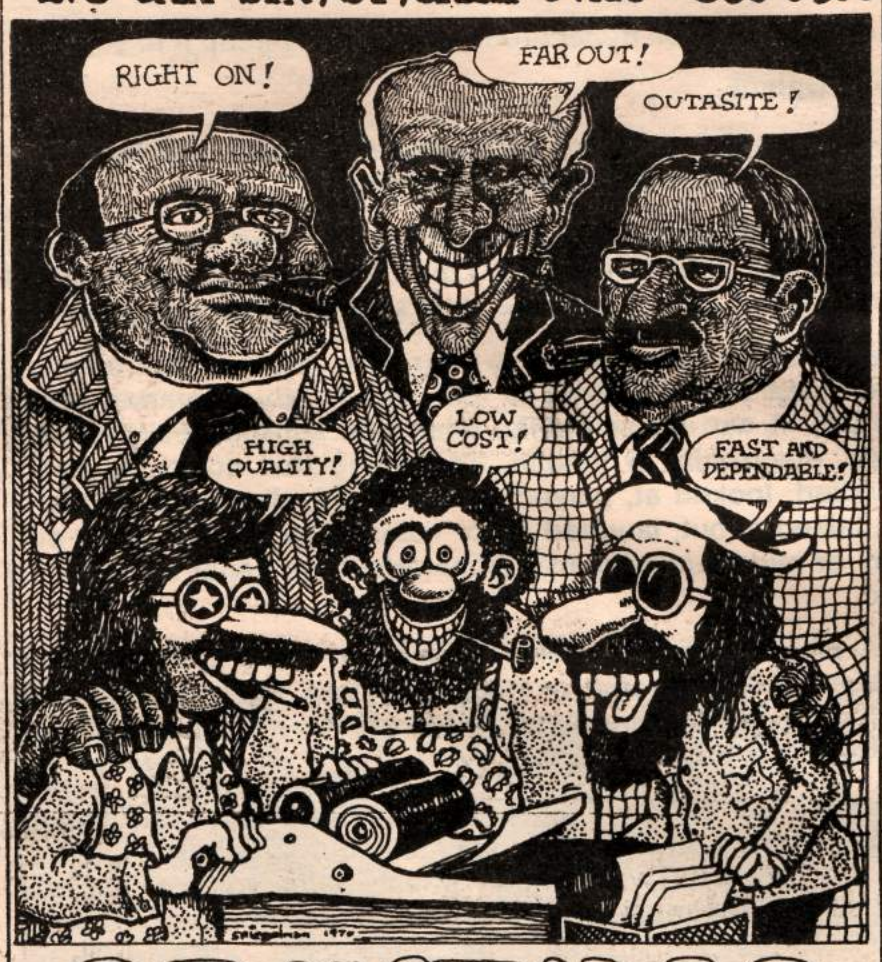

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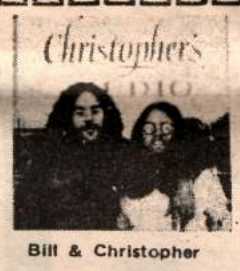

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♀♀♀♀ Masturbation

from the RAT

It is time for all of us to learn to love ourselves, to learn how to make love ourselves. This is the first step in learning to love others and give pleasure to others. To be able to touch our bodies and experience pleasure, not shame or guilt, is part of the struggle to integrate our bodies and minds. Our hands, our feet, our *bodies* and our minds are tools for change.

Masturbation is not something to do just when you don't have a lover. It's different from, not inferior to, sex for two. It's also the first, easiest and most convenient way to experiment with you body. It's a way to find out what feels good, with how much pressure, at what tempo, and how often. You also don't have to worry about someone else's needs or opinions of you. The more you know about your body, the easier it is to show someone else what gives you pleasure.

To masturbate you have to know something about your body, and in particular about your clitoris (klit'-o-ris). It is the center of most sexual stimulation. It functions like the penis in a man. When it is rubbed up and down rhythmically, you get excited. The clitoris is where *all* female orgasms happen, whether by masturbation, intercourse or fantasy.

In order to find your clitoris, arrange a good light, take a mirror, and identify all parts described. To find it, the thighs must be separated wide enough for comfortable vision. Then if two fingers hold apart the larger lips a mucus membrane covered hood will be seen immediately inside the front end of the space between the larger lips. The hood can be gently drawn back by the fingertips, and inside will be seen a small, smooth, rounded body (sometimes it is very small — only just visible) that will glisten in a good light. This is the clitoris. It's root runs upward under the hood and the junction of the outer lips, and extends for about an inch. The two inner lips begin in the mid-line close together just under the clitoris and extend down and below on each side of the smooth space in the middle and come to an end by facing away at about the middle of the ring—shaped opening which is the entrance to the vagina.

After carefully and thoroughly identifying all the exterior parts, it is next necessary to prove at first hand the truth of the statement that the clitoris does possess a unique kind of sensitivity. It is best to do this with something other than your finger, because the finger-tip is naturally, itself sensitive to touch, and if it is used, there may be a confusion of effect between the feeling finger and the part felt. Any smooth object will do; such as an uncut pencil, a toothbrush handle, a Q-tip, etc. The procedure is one of comparison of response by very light touches. One hand separates the outer labis without touching the inner ones, and the other hand holding the object touches first one inner lip and then the other, and then the clitoris through or under its hood.

> *to brenda*
>
> *soft to be with you*
> *soft the touch of you*
> *thin your brown hands caress my hair*
> *soft your thigh to lean my head on*
> *soft to whisper kiss*
> *whisper kiss*
>
> *—Alta*
>
> *from Letters to Women*

If hand movements are watched in the mirror, it is easy to get touches accurately in the right place but without the mirror and a good light it is not easy, because an inexperienced woman has practically no sense of position if she tries to use a finger unguided by her eyes. The effect observed is that the instant the clitoris is touched a peculiar and characteristic sensation is experienced which is different in essence from touches on the labis or anywhere else. This difference has to be experienced; it cannot be described in words.

The clitoris needs rhythmic friction. Without rhythmic friction no sexual sensations are possible to man or to woman . . . it is no exaggeration to say that since the clitoris is the essential organ of sexual sensation in women, and that rhythmic friction is the only stimulation to which it can react,, orgasm failure at the outset of sexual experience is unavoidable if the clitoris is not discovered and constantly stimulated.

Some women masturbate by moistening their finger (with either saliva or juice from the vagina) and rubbing it around and over the clitoris. The rhythmic carressing finger movements of the clitoral region can be designed to include adjacent areas of the vagina and then the two areas can function as a unit. There is probably an indefinite number of ways this can be done. It will be enough to suggest four.

First, a downward stroke beginning just above the root of the clitoris, passing over the clitoris and on down the mid-line, into the vaginal entrance, following the front wall of the passag and ending a little way inside.

Second, the reverse of the first, a movement beginning inside at the front vaginal wall and coming up and out along the mid-line, over the clitoris and back to where the first movement started. A rhythm of these two alternating movements carries a strong suggestion that the clitoris and vaginal entrance are being treated as one and not two places of sensitive response.

The third movement is based on a frequent observation that the first area of the vagina to become sensitively alive is a band just inside the front wall in the middle an inch or so from side to side and extending about ¾ of an inch in. Gently stretching movements of this front part of the ring of the vaginal entrance seem to give the strongest stimulation. Two finger tips can easily be slipped into place and gently and rhythmically moved to stretch the front edges of the vaginal ring.

The fourth — describe a circle with the fingertips with the clitoris and the vagina or the circumference.

Some women masturbate by crossing their legs and exerting steady and rhythmic pressure on the whole genital area. A smaller number learn by developing muscular tension through their bodies, resembling the tensions developed in the motion of intercourse. Some ways of doing this are climbing up a pole or a rope or even chinning on parallel bars. Other techniques for masturbating include using a pillow or blanket instead of a hand, a stream of water, and electric vibrators. Some women find their breasts erotically sensitive, and rub them while rubbing the clitoris (don't forget the rest of your body — try to get into caressing your own body). It's nice sometimes to make up sexual fantasies while masturbating, some women like to insert something in the vagina while masturbating, (like a finger or vibrator), but few women get more satisfaction out of vaginal penetration than they do from clitoral stimulation.

If you have never masturbated, or have but still feel hung up about it, don't feel confined to these techniques. Finding what *you* like to do is what it's all about. Think about it for a while, relax, try it a little at a time — try to get into it. Here are some additional suggestions some of us came up with that we have found groovy to get in the mood:

1—take bath
2—get stoned
3—listen to some good music
4— make sure you have lots of space to roll around in
5— have some furry warm blanket or something that feels good against your skin
6— use baby oil, powder, creamy lotion.

PS— We'd love to hear your own suggestions

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Ride to Ore wanted 848-3057.

$10 Reward
I'm in dire need of a wll written Shakespeare paper 10-15 pages on Twelfth Nite, Muc' Ado... Any of the Henr[illegible] plays or on the Henri[illegible] in general for out of state c[illegible]ge use. Will copy and retu[illegible] if you like. Call Gail at 451-4928. Leave message.

Lost dog. 100 lbs. White/beige brn harness. Answers to Wolfgang. Lost Jan. 5 Tele bet. Durant/Haste. Reward! 845-1177. Lamoyne.

cTHE SECOND ANNUAL ELECTRIC
Full Moon Natural Arts Festival on Jan 9 8—2 at the Family Dog 660 Great Hiway S.F. Music by Country Weather, the big bad band sound of Feelin, from Chicago: Liquid Heart the Dirty Rug. Martial Arts and Hatha Yoga Demonstration. Wells the Wizard Magician and Escape artist. Ingredient X Films Lights. 2 Bucks.

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encounter

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cHARD TO GET CHEMICALS
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John Burke of Oakland or anyone knowing him please write to Jon Howard, 9800 Harold, St. Louis, Mo. Must reach him. Help!

Linda Nelson — Brother Bob is in Berk. 548-1531 or 845-4842. 2124 Parker St. No. 305 or 306.

My name is Richard Bruner. Presently serving a sentence at the San Francisco County Jail. Since I've been here I have lost all contact with my friends. I would appreciate hearing form some nice young ladies. I was born under the sign of Capricorn. I am Soul Brother. Thankyou in advance. Yours truly, Richard Bruner, P.O. Box 67, San Bruno, California 94066.

Nick from Phoenix. Let us know how you are. Billie and Earl.

The United Farm Workers Organizing Committee is holding a demonstration at the Alameda Naval Air Station on Monday, Jan. 11, to protest the military's increasing support of the large scab lettuce grower, Bud Antle, Inc. On the same day, similar demonstrations will be held around the country at other large military bases.

Meet at 11 am at Alameda Junior College in the plaza in front of the student union. The college is located about three blocks from the air station.

Since the beginning of the UFWOC boycott of scab lettuce, the military's direct purchase of lettuce from Bud Antle has increased from 10% to 30% of its total purchase. The military also buys about 40% of its lettuce indirectly through wholesalers, and much of this is Bud Antle lettuce also.

You can help protest the purchases of Antle lettuce by calling Pete Rupacas at 869-3006. Rupacas is the local purchaser of lettuce for the military.

Your help is also needed in picketing Mayfair stores between 4-6pm weekdays and 11-3pm Saturdays. And remember not to shop at Mayfair or Safeway, the two main stores in this area which refuse to co-operate with the farm workers.

For clarification or questions, call Jack at 532-4678, between 6:30 and 8 pm.

DIG IT!

BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATERS needs tools, furniture, records, art supplies, etc. anything that can be used for our arts and crafts center in our house at 4205 Terrace, Oakland, 652-8286. Anything will be appreciated.

Xanadu — Live Oak Auditorium
Sunday January 10th — 8:00 PM
Will Perform FREE mrofreP lliW
A Construct in Progress

JUVIE JUSTICE

The next meeting of the Juvenile Justice Commission of Alameda County will be held Wednesday, January 13, at 1 pm, at the Probation Department, 400 Broadway, Oakland. The Bay Area Council for Jail Reform urges all parents and others concerned with the welfare of children and young people in the area to attend.

Edie Lopez and Mike Lee are in jail in SF and would like to get some letters. Their address is:
850 Bryant St., Room 700
San Francisco

On Saturday, January 9th beginning at 9:30 A.M. the National Lawyers Guild is sponsoring a conference on "Police State Legislation of 1970." It's being held in Earl Warren Auditorium, Boalt Hall Law School in Berkeley.

Women's Liberation Mass Meeting
January 11th — 7:30 P.M.
Glide Memorial Church, 330 Ellis Street, San Francisco
to discuss and make plans for building the new Women's Office.

WOMEN'S BUS

There will be a meeting Sunday, January 10, at 7:30 pm at 2222 Parker St. for ALL INTERESTED WOMEN to decide the future of the Women's Bus. A group of women travelled to the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention in Washington and back on a 44 passenger yellow school bus. It now belongs to the women in the community and we can decide how we want it to be used. If you are interested, have ideas, and/or want to be part of a working collective on the bus, come to the Sunday meeting.

The San Francisco Soledad Brothers Defense Committee will hold a memorial service, 8:00 pm Wednesday, January 13, in Sacred Heart Church located at Fell and Fillmore for the three black men who were killed last year by a guard at Soledad Prison.

MEN'S LIBERATION

Last year, here in Berkeley and in other areas, men started meeting separately to discuss their masculine identity which has oppressed women throughout history and resulted in hostility and competition among themselves. We wish to start new meetings along this line. We'll discuss our chauvinism which has been conditioned into us. From an understanding of our chauvinism, we shall try to eradicate it from ourselves and our surroundings. We shall act in support of women's liberation. We suggest that everyone come to the first meeting, then divide into groups of ten men each and hopefully become friends. The above appeared in the Fall CPE catalogue and as a result four men's groups are meeting and relating to each other on the basis of understanding of our own oppression as males. New groups are forming in the Winter. Join your brothers, fight your oppression. First meeting: Tuesday 7:30, Jan. 12, 2438 Warring.

thrills:

ALTERNATIVE FUTURES COMMUNE: 2012 Pine, SF; 922-8846
AUDIUM: 309 4th Ave SF 387-5630
BABYLON: 2504 San Pablo Bkly 848-9343
BASTA YA: 260 Valencia SF MA 1-9161
BISHOPS COFFEE HOUSE: 1437 Harrison Oak 835-3366
BKLY ART CENTER: 1275 Walnut St Bkly
BKLY COMMUNITY THEATRE: Grove & Allston Way Bkly 644-6863
BLUE UNICORN: 1924 Hayes SF 752-6710
BOTH-AND: 350 Divisadero SF
CANYON CINEMATHEQUE: 756 Union SF 332-1514
CEDAR BONITA: 1606 Bonita Bkly
COLLEGE OF ARTS AND CRAFTS: B'way & College Oak 653-8118
COMMITTEE THEATER: 622 Broadway SF
ENCORE THEATRE: 422 Mason SF 397-7787
FAMILY DOG: 660 Great Highway SF 752-8664
FETHERS PT FILM SOC: 4416 18th St SF 861-5491
FILLMORE AUD: 1805 Geary SF 567-9170
FREIGHT and SALVAGE: 1827 San Pablo Bkly 548-1761
GEORGE'S LOG CABIN: 2629 Bayshore Blvd S.F. 334-8660
HOUSE OF JOY no.2: 1145 55th St Oak 654-9222
INN OF THE BEGINNING: 6201 Redwood Highway Cotati [707] 795-9955
INTERSECTION: 756 Union St SF 397-6061
JULIAN THEATRE: 953 DeHaro St SF 647-8098
JEWISH COMMUNITY CEN-TER: 3200 California St SF 346-6040
KEYSTONE KORNER: Vallejo & Stockton SF 781-0697
LAND'S END PUB: 1545 Cabl St SF 673-9179
LIONS SHARE: 50 Red Hill Ave San Anselmo 454-9856
MANDRAKE'S: 10th & Univ Bkly 845-9065
MATRIX: 3138 Fillmore SF 567-0118
MIME TROUPE: 431-1984
MOOSE CITY CLUB THEATER, 1428 Alice St Oakland, 834-5722
MUSIC SWITCHBOARD 1380 Howard St., SF 861-8889
NATIVE SON: 3126 Shattuck Ave, Berk; 845-1556
NEW MONK: 2119 University Ave, Berk: 841-9903.
NEW ORLEANS HOUSE: 1505 San Pablo Bkly 525-2221
NORTH BEACH GALLERY CAFE: 576 Vallejo SF 434-1305
NORTHSIDE THEATRE: 1828 Euclid Bkly 841-2648
PALACE THEATER: Columbus & Powell SF 861-4396
POPPYCOCK: 135 University Palo Alto 325-4620
PETA'S COFFEEHOUSE: Columbus & Union SF 982-4999
SEVENTH SEAL: 2309 Bowditch Bkly 848-0269
SF ART INSTITUTE: 771-7020
SF CINEMA WORKSHOP: 771-2177
SF MUSEUM OF ART: McAllister at Van Ness SF 863-8800
STEPPENWOLF: 2136 San Pablo Bkly
SURF THEATER: 46th & Irving SF 664-6300
TELEREP CINEMA I & II: 2533 Telegraph Bkly 848-8650
THE THEATRE: 2980 College Ave Bkly 848-2791
TROPICORO: 831 Broadway SF 982-6611
VETERANS WAR MEM: Van Ness & McAllister SF
YWCA - BERKELEY: 2134 Allston Way 848-1882

T.C.B.

Abortion Communication 387-6480
Abortion Counseling 922-1720
ACLU:
Bkly 548-1322
SF 433-2750
American Indian Center 522-1071
Bar Sinister 849-2094
Berk. Ecology Center 548-2220
Bkly Fire Dept 845-1710
Bkly Neighborhood Legal Ass't 841-9274
Bkly RaP Center ... 548-2570
Bkly Runaway Center 849-1402
Berkeley TRIBE 549-3391
Bkly Coalition 848-4085
Bkly Solidarity Committee 549-3977
Bethlehem Community Center 452-2245
Black Panther Party 465-5017
Childbirth Educ'n .. 841-0738
Committee to Defend Political Prisoners 285-2360
Consc Objectrs 397-6917
Citizens Alert SF .. 776-9669
Daily Californian .. 642-3932
Draft Help:
Oak 451-1672
SF 863-0775
Derby St. Women's Collective 548-5599
Drug Counselling & Info 843-1581
E.Bay Education Switchboard 548-1204
E. Bay Feminists .. 524-7772
E. Bay Open Housing 632-9111
Ecology Action ... 843-1820
Economic Action for Peace 642-6586
Economic Opportunity Office 841-9151
Everyman Free Clinic 861-8883
Fa[illegible] Planning ... 845-6550
Fo[illegible] Stamps:
Bkly 849-2460
SF 558-5662
Free Bail Proj.SF .. 522-2202
Free Black Clinic SF 92249927
Free Church Bkly 24 hrs 549-0649
Free Clinic Bkly.... 548-2570
Free Drug Treatment SF 621-9758
Free Hashbury Clinic 431-1714
Free Medical Clinic, Centro de Salud 285-3655
Free Store 533-7210
Free Univ. Bkly ... 841-6794
Gay Lib 843-6982
Haight-Ashbury Free Church 621-9553
Haight-Ashbury Draft Counsel 621-9553
Heliotrope SF 931-1693
Huckleberry's for Runaways 731-3921
J.D.E.A.S. 387-5999
Indian Center 362-5822
KMPX 771-8503
Lesbt Artists Guild . 359-5430
Marine Peace Coalition 454-9781
MDM:
..... 621-6635
..... 532-0327
Mission Newsreel 2820855
Mobile Help Unit
Office 421-9850
Mobile Phone ... 954-7304
Music Switchboard, SF 861-8889
New Mobe 863-9289
Newsreel 621-6196
NOW 564-0181
OM United New World 655-6844
NCCF 841-5501
'Pentagon," G.I. Coffee House 832-0686
Peoples Arch'tct ... 845-9627
Peoples Office 549-3977
Personal Problems . 548-3435
Planned Parenthood:
E. Bay 654-3212
SF 567-0870
Teen Clinic 922-1720
Police Complaint Center 548-0921
Pregnancy Counsel:
SF 922-1720
Oak 654-4075
Pregnancy Test:
Bkly 845-6550
Oak 654-4075
Rabbi Eli Burkow .. 584-2164
Ramparts 849-4771
Resistance:
Oak 465-1819
SF 526-1910
SF Ecology Center 391-SMOG
SF Newsreel 626-6196
Sexual Freedom League 654-0316
Suicide Prevention:
Alameda Cnty N . 849-2212
SF 221-1424
Contra Costa 939-3232
Switchboards:
Bkly 540-0649
E. Oak 569-6369
Fogline 665-2721
Gay 843-6982
Haight-Ashbry ... 387-7000
Marin 456-5300
Marin Music 457-2104
Music 861-8889
SF 626-0267
San Jose 295-2938
Alameda 522-8363
W. Oak Legal 836-3013
Venceremos B'gde . 845-6326
White Panthers 549-3977
Taxi Unlimited 841-2345
Teen Krisis:
24 hr 237-4667
Tenants Union 549-3977
Torch 841-9151
Trading Post 626-9641
Turn-On Center, SF 626-0267
United Farm Workers 282-3772
..... 989-7658
War Resist. Lge. ... 626-6976
Welfare Rights Org:
Alameda Cnty ... 638-0267
Mission 648-7580
SF 392-8076
Women's Center ... 845-9403
Women's Lib. SF .. 861-2114
Women's Center Birth Control & Abortion ..day: 843-5595

fri

SOUNDS ..... SOUNDS

*"FULL MOON" Babylon
*"BARRY McGUIRE & THE DOCTOR" The Lion's Share, San Anselmo
*PETE SPELMAN, Jam, Seventh Seal Coffeehouse
*"SEATRAIN" "RUBBER BAND" New Orleans House, $3

FLICKS ..... FLICKS

*"THE PRESIDENT'S ANALYST," "THAT MAN FROM RIO," Northside Theatre, Studio A
*"CHILDREN OF PARADISE," "OCCURANCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE," Northside Theatre, Studio B
*"THUNDER ROAD," "ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS" Surf Interplayers, S.F.
*"THE FLOORWALKER," "A NIGHT AT THE THEATRE," "THE IMMIGRANT," "HORSEFEATHERS" Telegraph Rep Cinema I
*"THE DEVIL DOLL," "THE VAMPIRE BAT," "VOO DOO MAN," "THE BEAST OF BERKELEY" 4 LeConte Hall
*2 old comedies, Free U, 2200 Parker, $0.50, 9 pm
*Brand X, Wash. Schl, Bancroft & McKinley, 7 & 9 pm, $1.50

THEATRE ..... THEATRE

*"AS YOU LIKE IT" Trinity Episcopal Church, SF 8:30 pm 771-5290
*Anouilh's "ANTIGONE" Berk Rep Theatre

HAPPENINGS HAPPENINGS

**"FOLKSPEARE & OTHER PSEUDO — HISTORICAL SOUNDS" THE CRABTREE FAMILY, Cedar Bonita Coffeehouse, 1606 Bonita, Berkeley 9 pm
**Meeting to organize La Raza Unida Party 8 pm, 2338 Market St., SF Spons: Militant Labor Forum
**Poetry reading: David Meltzer, Donald Schenker. Walden School, Dwight & McKinley, Berk 8:30 pm
**MINIFILM CONSORTIUM 8mm open screenings; Bernal Library, 500 Cortland Ave SF; 8pm

sat

SOUNDS ..... SOUNDS

*"FULL MOON" Babylon
*"BARRY McGUIRE & THE DOCTOR" The Lion's Share, San Anselmo
*"MARY LEE & NANCY," Jam, Seventh Seal Coffeehouse
*" SEATRAIN" "RUBBER BAND," New Orleans House, $3

FLICKS .... FLICKS

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*"CHILDREN OF PARADISE," "OCCURANCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE," Northside Theatre, Studio B
*"THUNDER ROAD," "ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS," Surf Interplayers, S.F.
*"THE FLOORWALKER," "A NIGHT AT THE THEATRE," "THE IMMIGRANT," "HORSEFEATHERS," Telegraph Repertory Cinema I
*"THE SHOOTING," "NOTORIOUS," Telegraph Repetory Cinema II
*2 old comedies, Free U, 2200 Parker, $0.50, 9 pm
*KIDDIE MATINEE: Boy w/glasses, Chaplin shorts, Wash. Schl, Bancroft & McKinley, 4 pm, under 12 $0.50
*BRAND X, Wash. Schl, 7 & 9 pm, $1.50

THEATRE ..... THEATRE

*"AS YOU LIKE IT" Trinity Episcopal Church, SF 8:30 pm 771-5290
*Anouilh's "ANTIGONE" Berkeley Rep Theater
*"LAD A DOG," Sat 1 pm, in Rockridge School Auditorium 5263 Bdwy Ter, Oakland, The Children's Theatre, — one day only, 50cts.

sun

SOUNDS ..... SOUNDS

*BUS, Babylon
*"BIG MAMA THORTON" Lion's Share, San Anselmo
*"DAN HICKS & HIS HOT LICKS" "JEFFREY CAIN", New Orleans House, $2

FLICKS ..... FLICKS

*"THE PRESIDENT'S ANALYST," "THAT MAN FROM RIO," Northside Theatre, Studio A
*"CHILDREN OF PARADISE," "OCCURANCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE," Northside Theatre, Studio B
*"THUNDER ROAD," "ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS," Surf Interplayers, S.F.
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*BRAND X, Wash. Schl, Bancroft & McKinley, 7 & 9 pm, $1.50

THEATRE ..... THEATRE

*"AS YOU LIKE IT" Trinity Episcopal Church 8:30 pm 771-5290

HAPPENINGS HAPPENINGS

**Alpine Liberation Meeting, 6:30 pm Project I Bldg., 199 10th St. & Howard, S.F.

mon

FLICKS ..... FLICKS

*"THE PRESIDENT'S ANALYST," "THAT MAN FROM RIO" Northside Theatre, Studio A
*"CHILDREN OF PARADISE," "OCCURANCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE" Northside Theatre, Studio B
*"THUNDER ROAD," "ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS," Surf Interplayers, S.F.
*"THE FLOORWALKER," "A NIGHT AT THE THEATRE," "THE IMMIGRANT" "HORSE-FEATHERS" Telegraph Repetory Cinema I
*"THE SHOOTING" "NOTORIOUS" Telegraph Repetory Cinema II

tues

SOUNDS ..... SOUNDS

*"HADES" Babylon

FLICKS ..... FLICKS

*"THE PRESIDENT'S ANALYST" "THAT MAN FROM RIO," Northside Theatre, Studio A
*"CHILDREN OF PARADISE," "OCCURANCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE" Northside Theatre, Studio B
*"THUNDER ROAD" "ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS" Surf Interplayers, S.F.
*"THE FLOORWALKER" "A NIGHT AT THE THEATRE" "THE IMMIGRANT" "HORSE-FEATHERS" Telegraph Repetory Cinema I
*"THE SHOOTING," "NOTORIOUS" Telegraph Repetory Cinema II
*"OUTCAST OF THE ISLANDS," United Jewish Community Center, 3200 California St. 8 pm
*"JOAN OF THE ANGELS," "WHERE ANGELS FALL," S.F. Museum of Art, 7:30 pm
*Orson Welles' "FALSTAFF" w/ Jeanne Moreau, 155 Dwinelle, UCB; 6, 8, 10 pm; $1.25

HAPPENINGS HAPPENINGS

*Lecture' Jung's Secret Key to the Mystery of Metaphysics, Metaphysical Center 420 Sutter, SF, 7:30 pm, $1
**Peter Watkins, maker of WAR GAME, lectures: Suppression in the Media, Pauley Ballroom, UCB, 7 pm

wed

SOUNDS ..... SOUNDS

*"NAZGUL" Babylon
*"EARLY LIGHT" "CYPRESS" New Orleans House, $1

FLICKS ..... FLICKS

*"ONE PM," "PRAVDA" Surf Interplayers, S.F.
*"THE FLOORWALKER" "A NIGHT AT THE THEATRE" "THE IMMIGRANT" "HORSE-FEATHERS" Telegraph Repertory Cinema I
*"THE SHOOTING" "NOTORIOUS" Telegraph Repertory Cinema II
*"THE GLADIATORS" Avenue Theatre, 2650 San Bruno Ave., SF (nr Silver Ave), 7 & 9 pm, $2

THEATRE ..... THEATRE

*Anouilh's "ANTIGONE" Berk. Rep Theatre

thurs

SOUNDS ..... SOUNDS

*"EARTHQUAKE" Babylon
*"BOZ SCAGGS" Lion's Share, San Anselmo
*"ROM" "MAGIC COLORS BAND" New Orleans House

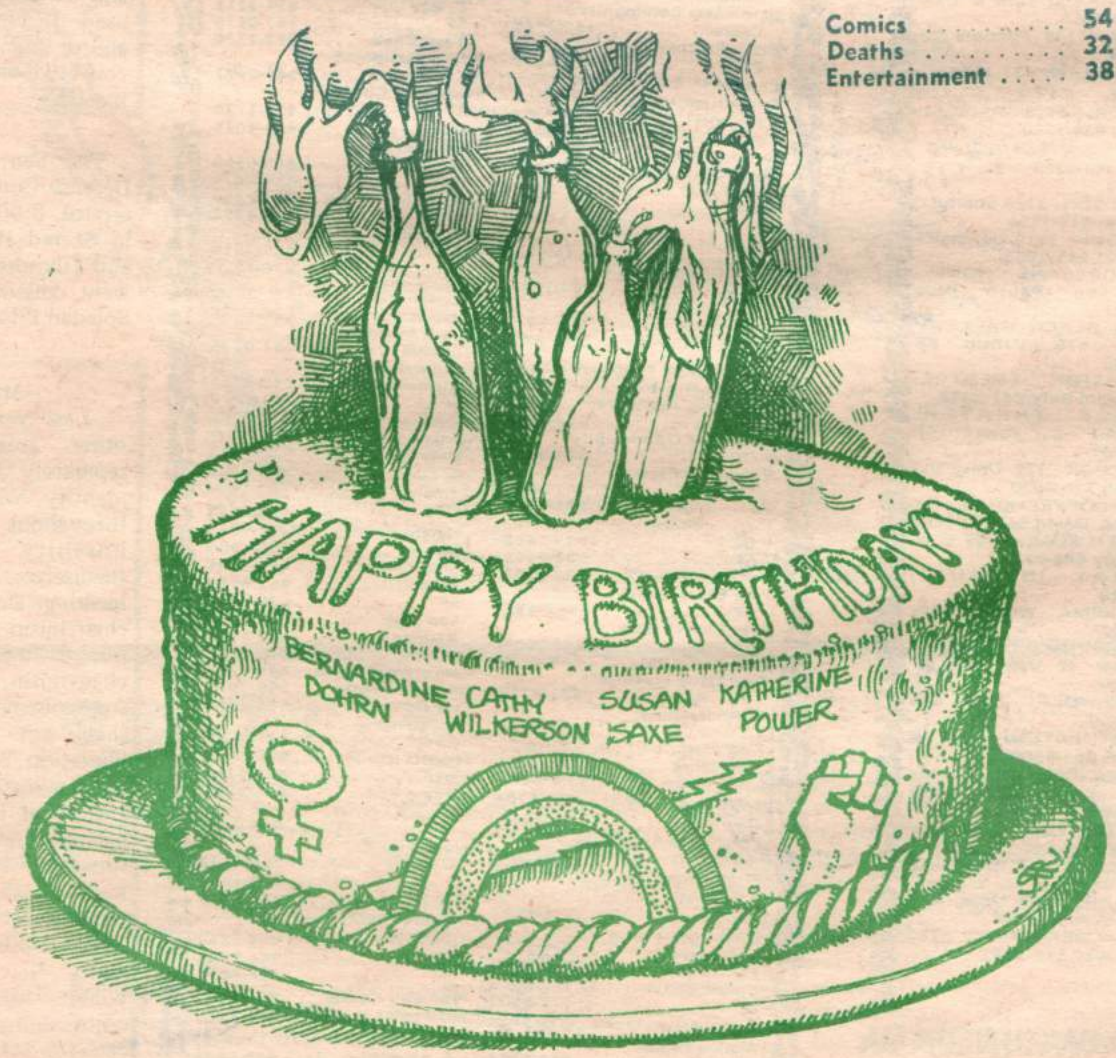
FLICKS ..... FLICKS

*"ONE P.M.," "PRAVDA" Surf Interplayers, S.F.
** "I VITELLONI" 1428 Alice St. Oakland, 8 pm
*"THE GLADIATORS" Avenue Theatre, 2650 San Bruno Ave, SF (nr Silver Ave), 7 & 9 pm, $2

THEATRE ..... THEATRE

*Anouilhi's "ANTIGONE," Berk. Rep Theatre

Comics 54
Deaths 32
Entertainment 38



draft

**Black Draft Counseling Assn., 546 Fillmore, SF 94117

*Chinatown — N. Beach Draft Help, 854 Kearny, 781-2922, noon-5 pm, during wk, leave message 863-0775.

*409 House: Open house draft counseling, free library, cottage industries, program; much more. Mon-Sat., 3-10:30 pm, 409 Clayton, SF; FREE; info 621-9553.
*Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors (CCCO), 437 Market, SF, 397-6917.
*Draft Info. Center for S. Alameda C'nty: 3137 Castro Valley Blvd, Rm 205, Castro Valley 10 am - 4 pm, 581-4105

*Quaker Draft Counsel, 843-9725.
*ASUC Draft Counseling, 209 Eshleman, UCB; 642-1431.

*West Coast Counseling Service:
Monterey: (408) 373-2305
Oakland: (415) 836-1039
San Diego: (714) 234-1305
SF: (415) 621-7035

class

*I Ching, Jung, ESP, Tarot, etc. Metaphysical Center, 420 Sutter, SF
*Modern Dance, jazz, body awareness, etc. YWCA, 620 Sutter, SF

*Acting, movement & speech by New Shakespeare Co., beginning Jan. 11. Trinity Episcopal Church

*Actor's Lab, 1870 Sacramento, SF, 474-6200. Admission now for theater & film classes. continuous enrollment. no deadline.

art

**Raymond Saunders: Recent drawings. S.F. Museum of Art till Jan 31
**Jackson Pollock: Drawings SF Museum of Art till Feb 14
**Vilem Kriz:Photographs SF Museum of Art Jan 12 — Feb 21
**Photo Etchings by 13 Bay Area artists Jan 8 — Feb 3 Ames Gallery, 2120 Vine St., Berk. 10am — 5:30 pm, Tues — Thurs
**GROUP PHOTOGRAPHY SHOW — Arts & Crafts Co-op, 1652 Shattuck Berk Jan 10 — Feb 5

**Galeria de la Raza: opening Dec 12, Memorial group show in honor of the Virgin of Guadalupe and in memory of Rubin Salazar. 1-5pm except sun, Mon. 425 14th St. SF 647-8555.
**Arts and Crafts Cooperative. 1652 Shattuck Avenue. Tues-Sat, 10-5:30: Sun 1-5. Knidergarten Lollies, Toy Show, Molas.

**Camera Artist Workshop, Sundays, 4pm,1027 Hayes, SF

*Photographs "The Bus Ride," New Gallery, 1027 Hayes at Steiner, SF. 863-6760. thru Jan. 14

***"The Immediate Raw State"—Exhibit of ceramics & work in progress, Berkeley Art Center, 1275 Walnut, Dec 18—Jan 14.

needs

**Bkly Switchboard (Free Church) needs overnight crashpads. If you can put up one of more young hip men once a week, call 549-0649
*Free Clinic needs comfortable & decorative furniture, Trinity Methodist Church, Dana&Durant.

Soledad Defense Committee needs a car (or about $300 to buy one). Also someone to repair broken typewriters. Urgent. Call Sarah at 863—6055.